The Journal of The Kumbakonam College Literary Society.

Vol II.] NOVEMBER. [No. 3.

EDITORIAL.

The need for a true College "life" has been our theme in these columns before, and we return to it with no lack of zest since there is every indication that as each year goes by the life of the College becomes fuller and fuller. This term in particular has shown that the number of individual students taking an active and responsible interest in games, debates, societies' meetings etc is increasing almost daily. Four years ago the Literary Society membership represented only 9% of the College, now it represents 53%. Other societies have sprung into existence with almost bewildering rapidity. This term has produced a Tamil Sangam, a Third Class Literary Association, a Canoe Club and a Swimming Club.

Our object in giving these details is not to pat the College on the back, but to prove that there exists a very

large fund of energy in the College which not only needs an outlet through the various agencies such as those referred to above but also careful direction and developement

We hope that it will not be impertinent on our part if we endeavour to point out a few ways in which this new found energy is apt to be misused. There is a tendency for the forces at work in the College to express themselves through the media of cliques and parties rather than through corporate feeling. Cliques are one of the most natural incidents of College life all over the world, and properly constructed do much good and very little harm. A clique can mean an association of congenial spirits who have some common interest, but if a clique is not content with its own circle of activities and sets out to challenge another clique or party in the College then healthy rivalry is changed into unhealthy faction. The result is the subordination of corporate and College interests to those of the clique and much of valuable energy is misdirected. Honest differences of opinion, honest criticism and honest rivalry are what we hope and look for, but it is distressing to see those who are undergoing training for public-spirited citizen ship of the future already indulging in intriguing faction. With the splendid opportunities which lie before us when we are at College, and which never return, it behoves us to make certain that the best and not the worst spirit is engendered

Then again there is a tendency to regard the opportunities which are given for the outlet and freeplay of energy as measures bestowing sovereign rights and liberties unknown, to any political philosophy. Our parliamentary

play-acting, and our stupendously important constitutional struggles are excellent in themselves, and essential for our developement and training, but if they are used to foster a spirit of discontent, and a distrust and criticism of the necessary machinery for conducting the College, in all its aspects, its societies its functions etc, then we were better without them. If College Societies are used to foment a belief in such meaningless theories as "the Sovereignty of the House" "the infallibility of the majority" then they were better remodelled.

As we have already remarked our petty quarrels and our portentous constitutional struggles are signs of healthy developement, but there is a tendency to go beyond this and to distrust the executive, although it may he democratically elected, to clamour for rights and embarass the proper working of College life.

The fore-going remarks are not meant to be a damning criticism of our College as we view it at present, but he who runs may read. It is only our desire to point out to our readers the dangers which lie ahead of us when all our energies are becoming fully developed. We appeal most earnestly to all sections of the College to prove to those, and there are many, who are inclined to be sceptical that through the methods we are adopting and the channels we are using, a sound healthy active corporate College spirit can be attained, and the fullest, and best use made of College life.

There are several ways in which the spirit in the College might manifest itself better than it does at present. The Journal, whether good or bad, should be automatically

bought by every student who loves his College and can afford to buy. College matches might be watched by a very much larger number of students, and the doings of the teams abroad should be followed with anxiety and pride by the rest of the College. Societies' meetings might be attended not only for the worth of the actual paper read, but because there is an interest in the work of the society as a whole and a realisation of its function. Two hundred students attend a debate on Home Rule, but a mere handful listen to a lecture by Devadatta. Work— alas, faint hope ! might be studied for work's sake, and not with one eye everlastingly on the examination paper, or rather on the examiner. The College might be loved for itself, and not for its pass lists. After this Editorial moralising some wag may remark "Some of us might be perfect". The jibe may sting, but still high ideals are better than no ideals, and for this College whose history has its roots in the earliest awakening of this Presidency, and whose annals abound in spelendid examples of harmonious college life, no ideal can be too high; and it is, once again, our most passionate desire that this College should not in any way be behind hand in producing a racc of fearless, high-souled, self-sacrifing Indians.

Our thanks are due to all those who have helped in in the production of this issue. We can only hope that the College will show its gratitude to those who have given so much of their time and energy to bring out the present number of the Journal by buying up all the copies. It is lamentable to have to confess that our contributors are many, our critics are many, but our buyers are few.

———

TO-VANCHI-KERALA.

O fairy land of sacred shrines
In thy flow'ry forest garb arise
Thro' kingly palms and tender vines
I hear sweet Zephyr's spice-filled sighs
O lonesome lakes and crested wilds
Crystal streams and grass-green hills
Dearest Kerala where Nature builds
Her fondest gardens, loveliest rills.
O dearest mother, beloved land
O to be on thy shores again
And feel Almighty's lovely hand
On the sand-ribbed shores of the 'rabian main
Rise ye, in my dreams O land of my hopes
Like lovely Nature's perfect model'd maid
O for a gentle sigh from balmy topes
And let my aching heart in thee belaid.

THE PROBLEM OF RACE REGENERATION.

The problem confronting the whole human race is the continuation of its species under varying conditions and limitations. Some races have made their mark in history and have disappeared. The lessons of their failure, the causes of their downfall and disappearence have been to a certain extent recorded in books belonging to that period, or compiled from available materials after their life. Such records form a valuable asset of experience for races that are at all concerned with their longevity of life. Besides the short-lived races like the Egyptians, Babylonians, Phoenicians, Romans, and Greeks of the old world, and the Azteets, Tolties of the new world, there are two unique races that have a record of life outstretching the limits of all known history. They are the Aryans and the Chinese. Where their original home was, whether it was in Central Asia, Scandinavia or the Arctic Regions, it is still a matter of speculation. As far as our sacred literature, Vedic, Puranic or mythological goes there is not a trace of evidence to show that we, the Hindus migrated into India at some definite period of our existence. Some western scholars who set on foot such a theory were for the most part unacquainted with our records. China and her people have always been a puzzle to history and historians alike. The theory of migration has not been so vigourously propounded in their case as it has been done with regard to us. But the fact remains that they are a very ancient people whose continuity of life has gone far beyond the realms of known history. In India, the home of the Aryas-the Aryavartha, the Aryan people have had their homes settled, lands cultivated, trade, industry, fine art and sciences developed to an extent as to exact the admiration of the Greek invaders of the West in the centuries preceding the Christian era. Max Muller, the great oriental scholar, dates the origin of the Rig Veda,

the earliest of the Vedas to six thousand years before the Christ. Whether we existed or where we existed before we came here, are questions which we may safely leave to adventurous historic speculators and their ilk. But as practical men we know that as far as we care to know, we owe our origin to this, our motherland, the Punyabhumi blessed with the sacred rivers like our Ganga, Yamuna, Godaveri, and Kaveri. We know that our Parvathi is the daughter of the splendid and world renowned Himalayas and that our myriads of Gods and Goddesses have their birth and death, if death there be for such, in this land of ours. That we possess a continuity of race, unaltered and essentially uniform in all its vital aspects from time immemorial even from that early dawn of civilization where historic tradition would not dare to lay its searching hands upon—from that day we have lived,—lived well and, gloriously sometimes, ill and miserably many times; but there is no doubt as to the fact of our long continued existence as a race. The ebb and flow of fortune has had its turn in our land as it has had in no others. We have been the victim of countless foregin invasions, of all known epidemic diseases, of all those atrocities of time and of wind and weather, of famine, plague and pestilence. In our record we have been once very great, sometimes very low, once very rich, now very poor, but uniformly wealthy in our experience. Such a race as ours has by its sheer length of life under all adverse varied circumstances established a paramount claim for its age, for the fundamental principles that contribute for its life, for the goal which it has set before itself.

Just as an individual having, a mind, a body, and a soul so has the race, which is but a collection of individuals, a mind, a body, and a soul. The race consciousness forms its mind, the length of time its body and the idea for which the race stands its soul. That all of us, huddled together

under definite geographical limits, have developed some particular tendencies, habits and features needs no proof. Many of us are no doubt conscious of our racial individuality for such of us that might have forgotten it, our friends, the colonials have reminded us of it by prohibiting us from polluting their newly acquired homes. Our racial mind is still not dead, and can also respond to vigorous shocks like the indentured labour scandals and the Round Table investigations and Home Rule propaganda. Its robustness is diminished and it cannot be the same mind that it was when it controlled empires, taught ignorant races and civilized the barbarous humanity. Its mental outlook is restricted. We have left off the power of thinking for ourselves. Everything is prepared for us and we take them unquestioningly. Our racial mind has to be freed from the thraldom of powerful imitations, by nationalising the systems of thought, of education and politics, by intensifying the power of initiative and experiment, and lastly by a method of well ordered progress by attacking the root causes of our degeneration.

Our race as judged by its population and its great tendency for proliperation seems to occupy an unique position. If numbers are a recommendation to any race we have it in our three hundred and fifteen millions of human beings. But mere number alone does not count for progress. On the contrary an ever increasing birth rate with a corresponding death rate, as it is found in India, is clearly indicaative of the deterioration of the race. In no other country on the face of the globe do we find as many as 340 children out of every thousand born dying before their first year. The average life of our individuals falls far short of the European average. The average mortality in the crowded thoroughfare of the city of London during normal times is estimated to be 22 per thousand while in India it is 39 per thousand in many big cities. Dr. George Carpenter, a great English authority on this question says that a high

infantile mortality denotes a higher infantile deterioration rate. Besides the third of our infant population that die before their first year, the remaining two-thirds cannot be boasted as specimens of robust health. A good many of these two-thirds are such sorry specimens of health, that death would have been preferable to life in their case. When they grow up to be men, they unconsciously swell the ranks of the unfit. The drain on the fit population is increased, the mass of unfit form a crushing dead mass on the resources of the fit. The society and the social state has to provide for the unfit by burdening the fit and some of the fit unable to bear the extra strain easily become unfit themselves. As long as we are men with desires and passions controlling us, the law of the fittest shall prevail and he who is fit shall alone live. This is as true of the race as of individuals. Judging, therefore, the physique of our race, by the canons of statistics and their verdict we are constrained to admit that the body of our race is anything but desirable. Decade after decade the new batch of our men grow weaker and weaker than the generation preceeding them. It is a wonder to me that how within the course of three decades, the best of our race, the modern educated man has physically deteriorated during his short span of life of barely fifty summers, for barely enough to gain for him a well-earned pension in the service of the Government that he has so faithfully served. The scourge of diabetes amongst the better middle class of today is indeed appalling. Certainly we are not guilty of a very high level of intellectuality as our ancients were, nor are we so callous in our lives as to forget the common principles of domestic and personal hygeine. On the contrary we have had the benefits of western education, representing in certain of its aspects a vigorous egotistic tendency developing the animal side of man to an extent which we have not developed. Then how is it we have become physically worse off than we were in spite of this advantage. To me it looks that we are being offered a

delicacy foreign to our taste and stomach. It has produced an indigestion in our national alimentary tract and we have not been able to assimilate the food we have been given. On no other ground can this result be justified unless we are ingenerous enough to attribute motives to our rulers for giving us this sort of education that has emasculated many of us. While in England I was always struck with the physique of boys receiving secondary education in schools, compared with them our boys look old in their teens, pensive and overthoughtful in their bearing, befitting a grey haired ripe old man, with none of the youthful glow and freshness of life. Half bent with anxious care, ever mindful of their hungry stomachs to provide food for which they have to cram some text books and spoil some cart loads of note books, they seem cheerless and often hypersensitive. The passion for sport and outdoor exercise plays a minior and even a criminally insignificant part in their programme of education. All that love of adventure, romance and a dogged pertinacity and happy comradeship which are the outcome of a liberal allround education these have not been vouchsafed to many of our school going population. All these facts that I have mentioned go to prove one fact the fact of our racial degeneration. The fundamental factor in our problem of race regeneration is the recognition of our physical deterioration and doing all that needs be done to remedy the defect. There is no doubt that we have fallen away from the tenets laid down for us by our great men who had seen the vigorous activities of our race and who guided us into paths of glory. We have strayed away from our moorings. We have not yet found a safe haven and it is to seek and provide one that we should all strive.

The third factor of our racial life but one with which we are most vitally concerned is the one which concerns our soul. We Aryans, have by trad'tion, belief, faith and precepts from time immemorial been familiar with the

idea of a soul. That it is the basic principle on which al human activities, even the physical activities are based is a fact which we all know, at any rate we all should know. The soul is not an abstract idea with us. It is more real than the flesh of our flesh and the bone of our bones. It is an eternal undying reality evolving, shaping and covering all the events of our life. Mentally we have had our periods of great activity and low liberating inactivity. Physically we have had our days of wholesome comfort and pleasure-loving ease as well as dark and degenerate days with all the ills and ails to which flesh is heir to. But spiritually we were never flagging in our zeal, in our enthusiasm, in our determined conviction of the eternal realities of the subtle man. So as life is not a phantom, a mere shadow, with its short span of three score and ten years, full half of which is spent in unconscious slumber, while yet a quarter more is spent in innocent childhood and gay and sportive youthfulness, while even yet an eighth of it is ear-marked for the evening of life when the tiresome journey is drawing to a close, with the senses fading bit by bit and the grey hair signalling the twilight before the final gloom. We do not consider that the sum total of our life is reduced to a sunny minimum of ten or fifteen years wherein we have to do all we can, scramble, hoard, squander, slay and kill. No! to us life as embodied in the individual man is only one leaf out of a volume of continuity, a page in the book of his life. To us, this world the world of births and deaths, is not a mere wayside sojourn, a mere resting place, as many foreigners have said of our aspect on life, but a veritable reality, the scene on which the grim battle of life is to be fought, not once, not twice but for ever and for ever more, till the individual man shines in his divine glory and merges himself in the ocean of life eternal picturesquely portrayed to the innocent child man as the God of thousand heads, and million hands. The earth then is a sacred spot to us, enabling us to realise the

God that is in us and towards that goal of the race in view our daily life has been ordained. Every act and every thought of ours has to be so timed to be in harmony with this fundamental principle of our Dharma. Physical and concrete acts are judged by their spritual results, thus basing our conduct on the immutable laws of truth and righteousness. If we live it is because to exhibit the divine in us, if we eat it is because to maintain this body to enshrine the soul, and if we work it is because through work we want to worship the God in us. Philosophy is not an absolutism or a realism, rich productions of a fertile imagination but well ordered system whose conclusions have been faithfully tested in practical life. Rituals are but concretised philosophy. We are a ritual ridden people and there need be no shame to own the fact. Where ritual stands as a symbol for an eternal truth, no sane man need fight shy of it. But where symbolism is devoid of reason, has lost its significance and has degenerated to a creed, to a hungry fight of me and mine then it is time to submerge symbolism in the deep sea of oblivion and ring its death knell from house tops. With us it is not yet. Our symbols still stand for truths although many of us in our ignorance do not know what they stand for and in the egotism born of short sightedness and false logic we condemn things flippantly. Of course we have been guilty of carrying our spirituality to ridiculous limits, even to the extent of nearly strangling ourselves in our desire to overdo it. We are paying the penalty now, the penalty of having to raise a backward class-a depressed class of sixty millions to better level with very gloomy prospects ahead. Ourselves, pariahs amongst the self respecting nations of the world—we want to elevate our pariahs to our level. Still the attempt has been done—even successfully done by our own men, by men like Ramanuja and Chaitanya in the early days of Mahamedan rule. In spite of the mistakes which we have committed in our zeal for our Dharma, I believe

the soul of race is still sound—as sound as it ever has been—during all these ages of varying vicissitudes of our long life. It is this strength-the undying strength of our race that has kept it alive—that has nurtured it against odds the nature of which would have killed and stifled far more apparently vigorous races than ourselves—and has made the dictum that survival of the fittest is not only of the physically fit but also of the spiritually fit. It is not that I pretend to pose ourselves as a perfection of spirituality—far from it. I am perfectly conscious of the encrustations that have formed on our old faiths and beliefs, of the sickly superstitions that have grown round us, of the many wily devices of scheming men to secure individual and clannish advantages under the cloak of religion and spirituality. But all the same I maintain that our outlook on life as is laid down in our sacred books apart from all text-torturing and endless annotations is the one that has stood the test of time.

This spiritual ideal of self realisation has been the guiding star of our race. But of late, irreligion fostered by a terribly secular education in our schools has dimmed the brightness of our ideal, and had made many of us sceptics and atheists. The spiritual degeneration has fortunately for us been reacted upon already by some new and vigorous religious movements bent upon interpreting our goal clearly in the language of the times. But our special care ought to be to keep the ideal genuiness and not be carried away by new names and elusive makeshifts which are being masqueraded in the name of true religion. The purity of Sanatana Dharma must shine in its native glory liberated from the tyranny of misinterpolation. The path of regeneration therefore lies in clearing the pathway of all overgrown weeds and prickly pears, which have grown round our soul consciousness through ages of inactivity and carelessness.

I propose to limit my suggestions to the social side of our activities and even there I cannot do full justice to all

the varying aspects of a social programme. I shall content myself with dealing with what appears to me the most vital but unfortunately the most ignored of all social problems affecting a race.

Social problems have attracted the attention of the thinking men of all races and of all climes. The efforts at social reform in the West especially in England, during the last quarter of a century afford us a striking illustration of the methods adopted and the results obtained. Pauperism and ignorance with all their attendant evils were sought to be tackled in various ways. Education was made free and compulsary for both boys and girls. Illiteracy was sought to be removed by this process of education though literacy does not always mean education. Still one barrier to the door of knowledge was thus sought to be removed. The mass of the people became literate. Grievances which were not felt came to be keenly accentuated. The question of right to work, right to earn and right to live on an equal footing with one another became the paramount creed of the race. Side by side with the great advantages of literacy, the evil passion of selfishness was developed to a proportion unheard of before. An half-educated literate democracy claiming equality of privileges and opportunities,—independent of merit came into being. The fight between labour and capital became so threatening as to paralyse all human activities. The labourite developed a dignity far in excess of merit. Gold became the ruling passion of the rich and the poor and in the scramble to secure the most all moral doctrines were ruthlessly trampled over. Pauperism was attempted to be remedied by making the healthy beggar work for his bread and work houses which are but a milder expression for jails, were maintained by public revenues. But the problem of pauperism has just remained where it ever was. The reports of the Royal Commission on Poor Laws during the year 1909 state that Paupers constitute 47·7 per thousand of the English population. The commission-

ers have further stated "Notwithstanding our assumed moral and mental progress and notwithstanding the enormous annual expenditure, amounting to nearly sixty millions a year upon poor relief, education and public health we still have a vast army of persons quartered upon us unable to support themselves–an army which in numbers has really shown signs of increase rather than of decrease." Of the conditions prevailing in these institutions, the minority report of the same commission says that there are over 15,000 births every year, 30 per cent. being legitimate and 70 per cent. illegitimate. There is no system in the treatment of the mothers and not even the most elementary care in the treatment of infants. It is only during the last five or six years after the report of these commissions social reform in the right direction came into being. Till then the remedies sought were merely palliative and consisted in the treatment of the mere symptoms and the social maladies themselves were unaffected. Improvement of the enviroment was the first problem tackled. It consisted in clearing away the filth of the cities like London, Manchester and Birmingham. The dwellings were improved, proper air, space, ventilation, drainage and good water supply were provided for and a vigorous system of preventive medicine was popularised and put into practice to combat disease. No doubt there were very great steps in the work of social reform, the like of which is not yet fully attempted except in two or three of the biggest of our cities. Hence the unhealthiness of our cities has become proverbial and we fall an easy prey to malaria and plague which visit us at every turn all round the year.

The social question in India is more or less an economic question and has to be handled in "truly sympathetic and liberal statesmanlike way." Good sanitary conditions prolong the life of the population coming under its operation, and prevent epidemic diseases. There is a low rate of mortality and the value of life as a national asset is greatly enhanced. But often all these are only half measures which do not solve the real problem. The great scandal of child labour and the problem of feeble-minded and actual lunatics, and the criminal population in jails have not yet been satisfactorily settled. One of the most

disquieting signs of the times is an ominous demand for the divorce of religion from morals and education. The commercial employment of married woman results to a serious extent in the neglect and disruption of family life. Account must also be taken of the economic, social and selfish influences which involve early marriages. Added to this the manifold evils of an age of industrialism which produces hideous congestion of slums with its irrepairable loss of the finer susceptibilities of beauty, sweetness and light.

Real race culture must start to beginwith from the date of marriage. The marriage of the unfit and the degenerate is developing into proportions unheard of before. Taking for instance the case of England where thorough statistics for all these are available, we find, from the reports of the Royal Commission on the Feeble-Minded of 1908, that in England and Wales there are 150,000 notably defective persons or exclusive of certified lunatics nearly half a per cent of the population. This number is now on the increase and in a few years threatens to affect the wellbeing of the whole race. Some idea may be had of the serious effects of the multiplication of the Feeble-Minded when we note that there are 60,000 mentally defective persons in the ordinary wards of the general mixed workhouses in England exclusive of 100,000 defective pauper patients in county and borough asylums. Dr. Ashby a great authority on this subject says that 75 per cent of feeble-minded children we born with an inherited tendency to mental defert. Unfortunately it seems to be a freak of fortune that feeble minded people multiply much rapidly than normal people and they are much more prone to succumb to temptations and frequent outbursts of uncontrollable passion. Their nervous equilibrium easily gets upset and criminality is a common feature of their lot. But of 15,000 women who passed Magadalen homes in England 16 per cent were found to be utterly feeble-minded. In Germany Bonhoeffer found that out of 190 prostitutes who passed through a prison that 102 were heriditarily degenerate and 53 feeble-minded. At Potaville Prison in London 18 per cent of adults, 40 per cent of juvenile and 60 per cent of habitual prisoners were found to be feeble-minded. Tramps in England full 50 per cent of them are found to be

feeble-minded. Instances of degenerate families are only too many. The notorious Gukes family produced in five generations 709 known descendents who were unfit for society. In Germany a similar family consisted of 834 known persons all descended from a drunken vagabond woman feeble-minded but physically vigorous. A great majority of these were prostitutes, tramps, paupers and criminals, and some murderers; and the direct cost to Prussian money for the keep and care of this woman and her family has been a quarter million pounds. In Switzerland—a family called the *Zeros* family—intermarried three centuries ago with an insane stock. In recent times 310 members of this family have been studied and it is found that vagrancy, feeble-mindedness, mental troubles, criminality, pauperism and immorality are their patrimony. The age in modern Europe is one of severe competition involving great mental and physical strain. There is no place for the weak-minded in this struggle for existence. No wonder therefore, that lunacy has increased out of all proportion to the birth rate. The insane population in Great Briton has increased 255 per cent while the general population has increased by 84 per cent, and of these pauper lunatics form 91 per cent costing the state nearly £2,600 0:0. But things here in India are in no way better than in England. Vital statistics are very unsatisfactory and do not form such a safe record to go upon as in England. Lunatics are not sent out to asylums, there are no workhouses. Vagrants, tramps in religious garb are only too many and a recent authority calculates their number as five lakhs. Beggary is no crime here and there is an indiscriminate begging and in some cases begging has been developed into a fine art. Early marriage, indiscriminate bridegroom price, and the desire to get married at any cost, whether the contracting parties are blind deaf and dumb, or are lepers, epileptics or consumptives are some of the evils we are suffering from now. These require a careful consideration at the hands of all true and honest social reformers. Unfortunately the attempts of some of our reformers have been so icnoclastic that in their zeal for reform they have got so much off the mark that they have discredit both on themselves and the cause which they have championed. The reform must be

with a view to regenerate the race by removing all those conditions which go to weaken, emasculate and finally to destroy it altogether. The efforts now made in England can be classified under the following heads:—

(1) The effort to clear away the filth of our cities, to improve dwellings, to introduce sanitation and to combat disease.

(2) The attempt to attack the problem more throuoghly by regulating the conditions of work and introducing the elaborate system of factory legislation.

(3) The still more fundamental step of taking in hand children who have not yet reached the age for work, nationalising education and ultimately pushing back the care of infants even to the moment of birth.

(4) To provide conditions of healthy life even before birth.

To take the last first, to provide conditions of healthy life even before birth, let us see how we, as a race could provide those conditions according to these lines laid down for us by our great thinkers. The ideal of marriage in our country is a thing which has degenerated from what it was some centuries ago. Marriage according to us is not only for individual happiness but also for the multiplication of our species. The entire significance of the marriage is for the progeny of our race. It is not a mere social contract between a man and a women to live together for a certain specified period of time to separate on flimsy grounds when once the romantic charm of courting is over. It is a solemn tie, a mutual promise to live together not only till death but even after if such a union is possible as we believe it is; to tend and brand a good stock, a stock fit and capable to do justice to the Pithrus. Such is our conception. Men married after their Brahmacharya was over when their manhood was fully developed, and the girls were just passing the stage of girlhood into maidenhood. Marriage was made compulsary, but the exceptions were forgotten, the age limits were coolly violated, the craze for marriage alone was intensified with the result that boys and girls are married before they know anything of marriage, and unscrupulous fathers barter their sons for the highest bidder. Money has become the only considera- tion, giving a little margin to university education, and

marriage ideal has been completely ignored. It is needless for me to say that marriage so arranged and performed can never conduce to the regeneration of our race but still it is a deplorable fact that such things are most prevalent now in this country. Addressing young men who are about to marry and who have already gone through a legal betrothal ceremony misnamed marriage, it is my duty to point out that they have to think of the future generations yet to come and by careful conduct avoid producing a race of short-lived, decrepit, and puny manhood unable to bear the stress of modern life and the demands such life makes on the resources of man No boy can be declared physically fit for marriage till he has reached the age of twenty-four and no girl is physiologically fit to bear the burdens of motherhood before she is sixteen. Premature marriages never bring happiness to the parties concerned and they leave behind a race of degenerates. The great law giver Manu has clearly laid down in his Dharma Sastras the age of marriage, the aim of marriage and those that ought not to be married. Says he in one of the Sutras lepers, consumptives, men or women with physical or physiological defects, lame, dumb, blind, epileptics, lunatics, and persons whose sexual organs are not well developed ought not to marry. They are not to inherit property. Since wealth might become a cosideration for marriage. Here the great sage had anticipated the great problems of today and in every writing of his affecting the welfare of his society it is wonderful to find the vital principles of modern Eugenics so beautifully illustrated that we need not look for inspiration to any other quarter for our guidance in the work of social reform. The prime factor in our work of social regeneration is the realisation of the importance of the marriage ideal as is laid down in our sacred books. When once the problem of marriage is rightly solved the question of child birth and proper care of infants after birth become matters of educational interest. Every girl has to be taught her responsibities in life, how she should discharge those responsibilities consistantly with the ideals held by the race of which she is a member. A system of national education which would so train the beneficiaries to be turned out as the exponents of the

national culture. National sentiment and national ideal is the crying need of the hour. It is why the demand for indigeneous control over education assumes a great importance. With due regard to all the good that universities manned by a fore'gn agency has done to us, it is a matter for deep regret that education so given has so far failed to bring out the best traits of our national character. The fault lies not in the men employed but in the system itself. Foreigners, even though as rulers, see us today at our worst, they see us incapable, they see us weak, they see that we are deteriorating but they do not know the soul of the race. In fact they cannot know. They are not by their training, environments, and besefil expected to know our familiar grooves, our peculiar ways and our outlook on life. They have done what they can and it is for us to tell them that what they do in all their sincerity is not the thing that will conduce to our social well being. Our experience in our environments alone can guide us and reform, if it is to come it must come from within. No imitation of a foreign system will ever do any good for us. The mother must be made to understand the gravity of motherhood' must be taught all the little complications tending to weaken the embryoes when within the uterus and must be made aware of the possible dangers and complications of a badly treated labour and puerperal condition. The ideal of motherhood is ingrained in our race. The most sacred symbol of our race is the Mother. We call earth our Mother and our country Motherland. I do not wish and I do not think that day will ever come wh n the Mother as the queen of our race, as the queen of our homes and as the queen of our hearts will throw away their grand position for a conflict with men for rights and privileges of a politlcal character, neglecting their homes and the functions they have to fulfill in life. I cannot even dream of a day when our women would dream of fighting shy of motherhood and turn out as a harebrained motics with bombs in their hands to demand rights of which they have no knowledge and which if given to them will simply unsex them. Every young boy or girl that is born is a progeny of our race and their upbringing, in all its aspects

must be such as to exhibit in future all the best that our race has stood for. They must grow as Indians as good and true Indians, as honest and loyal Indians, as Indians of fame and renown, as Indians who by the age of their race, by the accummulated experiences of countless centuries and by the composite culture which is the outcome of the assimilation of the best of all the civilizations the world has ever seen, should show adequate integrity of character and self respect. Remember that our perfect man is Sri Rama, the typical king, the true warrior, the most dutiful son, a devoted husband, a man of spotless character and one to whom public opinion was far more sacred than the dearest of domestic ties. Our perfect women—they are too many to mention—a Savitri, a Sita, a Padmini these are our ideal. We must create the future of our race accord- to our pattern. The physical condition of the young boys and girls requires the careful attention of both the guardians and the teachers. A methodical inspection of school children with school clinics attached to every taluq and town is a due necessity. Vocational schools for training young artisans and sons of labouring classes must form the preeminent feature of our educational curricula. The school must not only form the centre of attraction for the children that attend it but for the whole neighbourhood. The school as a centre of amusement, recreation and as a medium of fostering public opinion, for to emerge from the medevial clergy—ridden monastery into the really useful public institutions of modern times the art of Eugenics must play an important part in the race problem. There was a time when cross breeding of human species was thought conducive to individual and communal vitality. However true it may be of the lower order of animal life as horses and dogs, as far as the experiments carried out amongst human beings were concerned, high breed have not been successful and they lack the element of a proper race consciousness and much less of the race culture. Purity of blood-connections, and a genuine heredity are no mean advantages in the social life of a pepole. Caste is a mismoner today and has gathered many crystallized superstitions, but as originally intended it stood for a very sound Eugenic principle which is only just now being thought of

in Europe. The classcification of men according to wealth is the prevailing caste system in Europe and in ancient India it was according to birth. Whether any compromise between the two could be effected it is impossible to say at present but both have their advantages and disadvantages. But from a racial point of view the advantages by birth with all the equipment for preeminence by education is the ideal that we should all aim at. To put it briefly more than mere knowledge, more than mere rupees, character, which is the sum total of the accumulated tendencies and impressions, is the one that be formed carefully. It is the spirit of patience, it is the spirit of cheerful and noble activtiy for a good cause it the selflessness in every act of life that will exhibit the soul of our race. For remember that in thought, word, and deed the dominating note of your creed is self-sacrifice. In the ideal set before our women, the goal to which our men aspire to, in the ethics of your joint family s.stem, in the choice of our food, in books relating to our Dharma the chorus of our race is self-sacrifice From age to age the noble Lord of the Gita has sounded his trumpet call in cause of righteousness. In season and out of season, in the grim battle field, in those pleasure halls of an Imperial zenana, in the grating pasture lands of the fertile Gokula, on the rippling banks of the deep blue Yamuna, in the spacious court halls of Duaraka and in the forests of Pandava's exiles has our Lord boldly proclaimed in unmistakable language the goal of our race—the goal of self sacrifice—the sacrifice of the ego in us for the realisation of the life divine, the sacrifice of small pleasures,, of friends, relatives, brothers and fathers for that entenal Annanda or bliss and the giving up of low desire by right conduct This is the soul of the race. It is this that has kept us alive all these myriads of years and it is this alone that will invigorate us and regenerate the race that is weakening by neglect of its vital principles.

A paper read by Dr. T. S. S. Rajan before the College Literary Society.

A WORD ON PHYSICAL CULTURE.

One of the many problems that confront us is that of Physical Health and Strength. The legitimate aspiration of every fair-minded man would be to secure the maximum of physical health and enjoyment of life, just as every normal woman desires beauty and grace. Good health and enjoyment of life are the two things which most of us are in quest of; enjoyment of life is not possible without good health, therefore it needs no argument to emphasise the vital importance of physical culture to every one.

"The glory of man is his strength," says the Book of Books. Health and strength are the two precious possessions of human beings indispensable for their success in life. Weak and timid men will never command any position of honour. The world is led by men and women with strong bodies, steady nerves and a great fund of vitality.

"The world is eye-wise," says Emerson. Practically every one of us is judged by appearance alone. A man with 'a strong arm, a straight back, a stout heart, nerves of steel, a light graceful step, a clear brain, a clean conscience and a confident air' is virtually preferred to a man who is pigeon-breasted, knock—kneed, flat-footed and is suffering from innumerable other maladies which loudly proclaim physical degeneracy. Instead of slinking and shivering through life, physical health and strength enable one to look the whole world in the face boldly, to feel that one can hold one's own wherever one goes, and to plant one's feet down firmly. It means happiness to oneself and pleasure to others.

A large section of us have not yet realised that our health is very far from being satisfactory. The average student has practically no knowledge of the elementary laws of health. Physical deterioration has become marked, and this is the result of base imitation. The glamour of

foreign fashion, 'the seductions of those little cylinders of tobacco,' and many other questionable habits, are all doing much to sap the manhood of the rising generation. Some of us are now creating an artificial civilisation, ignominously undermining the fabric of our ancient one. No doubt the environments of modern students tend to assist physical and moral degeneration, but physical culture would help a good deal in minimising them, seeing that physical conditions have a direct influence on morality. Therefore, it is, that physical culture should form part of every school and college curriculam, recognised as it is by the greatest exponents of physical culture, including amongst others Professor Eugen Sandow who says "had I my way I would make scientific physical culture a cumpulsory subject in every school."

What is physical culture then? It is no less than life's responsibility, and such a reply may at first seem strange and paradoxical to many, but when once they bestow a little thought upon the saying, the apparent difficulty would vanish. The foundation of man's mental and moral activities is his physical body. Without a sound physical body there cannot be a sound mind. Many people, apparently, are still of opinion that physical culture and out-door games go hand in hand, but it is a mistake. Out-door games are merely intended for pleasure and nothing more. Professor Eugen Sandow observes in this connection that "cricket and foot-ball, and rowing and swimming, and, indeed, all forms of manly sports and exercise, are admirable things in their way, but they are not physical culture. A part of it, if you like; but physical culture is something far wider in its scope, infinitely loftier in its ideals." If anything more is needed one will have only to recollect the words of Professor Ramamoorthi in the Porter Town Hall last year. There he called on all of us, students, to practise Indian Physical Culture along with our field sports. By citing these instances and quoting

these sentences it is not our object to discourage or depreciate the value of field-sports, such as foot-ball, hockey, tennis, fives, badminton and boating, but what we want to convince people about, is that however proficient one may be in all the field-sports, he will be all the better if every muscle of his body has been developed to its highest perfection, and such a thing can only be possible by a course of physical culture alone. Further physical culture is not merely the development of big arms and shoulders as some people think, with the rest of the body all out of proportion, but it is the building up of the body of a man to perfect physical proportions on scientific lines, with every voluntary and involuntary muscle developed to its highest degree of perfection and to make them move in response to act of volition.

Finally the selection of the best system of physical culture, and the following up of that system is left to the option of the individual aspirant. Nowadays the markets are flooded with instruments, charts and treatises on physical culture from foreign lands with everything which the ingenuity of experts could invent. Nobody has yet made any pronouncement on the efficiency of those systems with confidence. Under these circumstances, the best system that can, with confidence, be followed, is the Indian system of physical culture viz., *Kasarath*. The Indian system from an economical point of view also has an advantage over some of the foreign systems. It requires no apparatus and the consequent outlay of money. It is equally available to the poor as well as to the rich at a moments resolve.

Kasarath as it is practised by some is not correct. It is not so easy as people generally imagine it to be. The ancient sages who have invented that system have also reserved certain salient principles to be followed, to the care of confident disciples. The Indian system of exercises should not be practised in a haphazard manner; if so

practised terrible dangers would result. The body would get muscle-bound, and the physical symmetry would be marred.

The important principles to be observed before beginning to practise *Kasarath* are the strict observance of celibacy, a knowledge of dietetics, and *Pranayama* or the controlling of the breath. Volumes have been written on these three subjects by eminent men, but confining ourselves to their chief features alone, we observe that the foremost of virtues is celibacy. Man is an undeveloped tender shoot up to the age of twenty-five ; his strength and stamina which are to sustain him through life are yet in their making, and if, during this period, he were to be exposed to the frost of mean animal cravings his whole life would be blasted. He who manages to steer clear of youthful sins, during these crucial period, is a man in every respect. The possibility of a strict observance of celibacy depends to a great extent upon the nature of diet that one takes. As a matter of fact no hard and fast rule can be laid down to control the diet, but in this respect it is safe to remember that one should not be the entire slave of the capricious palate. One must avoid entirely animal food and other stimulating diets. Stimulation should not be mistaken for strength. It is a mistake to suppose that stimulant food puts strength into the body, but on the contrary they draw so much strength from the body, whereas a simple nutritious food gives strength, energy and endurance. The blood is a great reservoir of energy on which the human body depends for its sustenance. At every moment the human body loses some of its tissues in various ways, and they are replaced by the blood alone. Blood not only helps to replace the wear and tear of the body but also carries away the waste tissues of the body to the excretary organs and the lungs, the venous blood is purified. The lungs thus perform an important part in the purification of the venial blood. *Pranayama* increases

the endurance of the lungs and strengthens it to perform its duty methodically.

The great secret of the Indian System of Physical Culture is that you begin from the beginning to subordinate the body to the will and the mechanical actions of the body simply aid in steadying the mind and strengthening the will-power. Further the beauty of the system, as of every ancient lore of this country, is that it evolutionises the soul and makes it fit for higher planes of existence; therefore physical culture is not an end in itself, but only a means to an end, and as such it is well worth possessing and striving for.

M. K. SUBRAMANIAM.

THE RHODES SCHOLARSHIPS & INDIA'S CLAIM.

Mr. Denham puts forth, in the February '17 No. of the *Mysore University Magazine*, India's claim to be included in Rhodes's Scheme of scholarships, especially to the twelve scholarships vacated on account of the great war. But in spite of his sincerity the demand is not authoritative.

Cecil Rhodes was an imperialist, and he fully believed in the civilising agency of the British Empire. He founded the scholarships with the imperial idea of bringing into closer relation the daughter colonies and the mother country. He thought that excellent training would be given, besides the love for the mother country it kindles and retains, in the residential universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and ideals of constitutional self-government could be gathered.

The scholarships are awarded by committees in the different colonies. The conditions of the scholarships are various and numerous: intellectual, physical, social and moral. The candidate is generally expected to have at least entered the graduate course at one of his own universities before he enters Oxford or Cam-brdige. He should be a bachelor. The other conditions are better expressed in the founder's own words:—"The students who shall be elected to the scholarships shall not merely be book-worms, I direct that in the election of a student to scholarship regard shall be had to (1) his literary and scholastic attainments, (2) his fondness of, and success in, manly out door sports such as cricket, football, and the like, (3) his qualities of manhood, courage, devotion to duty, sympathy and protection of the weak, kindness, unselfishness, and fellowship, and (4) his exhibition during school days of moral force of character, of instincts to lead, to take interest in his school-mates, for those latter attributes will be likely in after life to guide him to esteem the performance of public duties as his highest aim."

Mr. Denham even though he is convinced of India's claim, is yet a little diffident about the fitness of her youths. He calls some of the conditions as ones to which we are unaccustomed to in India. Let us discuss the conditions one by one. As regards the first condition, his literary and scholastic attainments that Indian youths have mastered a foreign tongue and attained high proficiency in English Literature is an established fact, and the whole world is an eye witness to that. The second condition, fondness for out-door sports, is one of those conditions that the writer is afraid cannot be fulfilled. It is not a fact that Indian youths do not love out-door sports. Our own college and the Madanapalli college bear testimony to this fact. What with the numerous tennis courts with their long lists of members, the over crowded hockey and football fields and fives courts! But yet Englishmen may find fault with us, we do not make games our profession. It is not that the students lack love for out-door sports, it is rather the fault of the authorities, who have failed in their duty to provide facilities for sports of the students, wherever facility is offered it is availed of As to the third condition no one will deny an Indian's qualification. Every European testifies to his subordinate's devotion to duty and is not devotion to one's duty enjoined on us and instilled into us by our religion? Truth is the watchword of the Indian. The other humane qualities found in the condition are inborn in the Indian, and enforced by his religion. What with the teachings of Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa and Dayananda Saraswati? Is not sacrifice our religion? Are not the Ramakrishna Mission Homes and the Social Service Leagues of youths spread over the whole of the length and breadth of India, doing yeoman service to the cause of the helpless and the poor, stand as monuments of the manly qualities, of fellowship, of kindness, of unselfishness, the protection of the weak in India? Man's duty is to protect and help his fellowman, and Indians realise this. Nor does

the Indian lack initiation. He is denied the opportunity and consequently he becomes stunted. Disqualification through marriage is now a half truth. The Indian student has now realized that early marriage curtails his freedom, and contributes to the degeneration of the race and of his country. He argues that he will not marry unless he is able to support his wife by himself. He is a rebel in his family, and leads a crusade against his orthodox relatives. Thus the bronze colored youth can stand shoulder to shoulder with his white colonial brother in the intellectual field, and both can put their shoulders to the wheel of the Imperial car and push it to the goal of human happiness.

India has proved in the present war that she has a prominent part to play in the building of the Empire, and that she is even indispensable to the Empire. She has got a mission also to the west whose civilization has been proved to be spurious by the modern war. The political training ground of the British statesmen, should not see her sons go without the equipments necessary to contribute her few bricks to the building up of the glorious Empire on which the sun never sets, to uphold her honor, and carry on her mission. We all hope that the Trustees will not hesitate to transfer the twelve scholarships to India, and we also hope that the Madras University instead of producing stereotyped insipid scholars, will see to produce citizens of the Empire on the lines chalked out by the generous Cecil Rhodes.

S. KRISHNAMURTI.

WESTERN EDUCATION AND INDIA.

The Recent Educational Conference at Simla naturally creates in the minds of thoughtful Indians a number of problems, which, if left unanswered, are liable to create grave difficulties in the future and stand much in the way of national evolution. Is India to continue under the present system of education? Is English to be our *lingua franca* and are our vernaculars to occupy no better place than they do? Are our universities to be left as they are without being remodelled so that the masses may be educated? Are we to be forced into a system of education which would not and could not do for us or are we to revise it to suit our conditions? In short, are we to educate ourselves or be forced into a system of unwilling and unnatural training which, while it by itself little betters our prospects in the bread-winning world, totally fails to impart the enlightenment and knowledge as regards things that we should know and that are indispensable for our individual and independent existence.

One of the truest and happiest aims of education, it cannot be denied, is to bring enlightenment to the various individuals, which, making them feel the members of a corporate social existence, would exhort them to strive after a distinct individual ideal resulting in the separate identification of a body that we generally call a nation. It is this identification of the individual with the corporation, the man with his brothers, that should be the outcome of all true education. The recognition of such unity and the continuous striving after it marks a well-advanced civilisation. Civilisation, we say, grows as education spreads; and what is civilisation if it is not the recognition of the kinship of man and man among the seemingly different conditions and circumstances of life, and the realisation of a common aim and purpose? And if education does not aid in the achievement of this ideal, in the establish-

ment of a common unity, what else could? Thus, education is the key-note to every civilisation, for civilisation is the result of a united national endeavour, and a well-organised and deep-rooted nationality is impossible without a number of enlightened individuals in its body, and education only can render such an enlightenment. Therefore, it would not be unreal to presume that for a nation to get a life of its own and to contribute something to the civilisation of humanity, it is inevitable that it should possess a proper system of education which, more than being accomodative, need be suited to its growth.

Those who believe that the world is going to be civilised in spite of what it is, those who "Yet trust that somehow good will be the final goal of ill, to pangs of nature, sins of will, defects of doubt and taints of blood," those who fondly and hopefully cherish the dreams of poets philosophers, and sages, those who do not doubt "the parliament of man and the federation of the world," will rarely take a long time to be convinced that the perfect hand of the creator has *not* left something irrelevant and unfruitful in this universe, that every country and every nation has a purpose and a message to give to the world, without which the world will be the poorer and the attainments of which it is incumbent upon every nation to strive for. For such a message to be imparted to the world, and for such a contribution to be made to the civilisation of mankind, India must rise to be a nation, an united whole, with one aim, one ideal and one purpose. And need it be affirmed that it is only a proper education that could give such a national life and a national soul to carve out its own destiny?

And now, a hundred years or so have passed since India has been adopted by the West. Ever since Lord Macaulay framed his famous educational code, English education has been progressing in this country. Fresh Colleges have been opened from time to time after the

western model with energetic and able men from Oxford and Cambridge to man them got specially at a considerable cost ungrudgingly paid. All, that an alien government can do to encourage an alien education has been done; and all that could be expected in response from a country such as ours has been fulfilled.

Yet, after these hundred years of western education, let us pause to see where we are. Scarcely 3 per cent of our countrymen are educated, whereas in Japan, in America, and in England, there is undoubtedly a larger percentage of literates.

And what about even the small percentage of educated countrymen among us? Many of them are graduates, blind and bewildered University-created products grovelling in the dark without an avenue of work, without knowing a calling which they could pleasurably and profitably pursue. They are educated in a theoretical sort of unnatural training, with some knowledge of something infused into them, and without either the means or the discernment to employ it in a practicable way, profitable both to themselves and their country. It has become a formula among us, at least those of us who go in for a western education to somehow study up to the B. A. and then manage to thrust ourselves in into either of the double paths of law and medicine, if admission into the heavenly outlet of Government service is refused. Needless to say, these time-honoured fields of medicine, law and Government service are being flooded in yearly by a host of fresh and fresher young men so that, unless one has a power and capability much more than that of the ordinary run of average men, he finds scarcely able to maintain himself and often has to sink in despair. Such is the sad fate of those who after a patient and taxing pursuit of the first twenty-five years of vigorous youth in university study seek a calling to spend their days in a manner that would keep them above want. It is neither falsehood, nor even

exaggeration to say that many, many of our young men after such a long and strenuous study which involves really very great mental strain, and is what, more, taxes all their financial resources very frequently involving them in great debts, turn out wrecks in life, disappointed and in despair, when they find after all their efforts are unrewarded and their hopes blasted just at the time of flower and fruition.

Then, what to say of the hundreds and hundreds of young men who though gifted with some intelligence and an ordinary fund of common sense are stopped in the very midst of their course by the rigour of our university for lack of efficiency? Year after year there is a fearful pile of willing yet prohibited young men, lettered yet unlicensed, stopped from pursuing their course by a university which judges their efficiency in a language entirely foreign to them in subjects out of their ken, and in a manner so strict as not to enable more than a quarter of them to possess an advantage.

Such a miserable state of affairs is indeed painful to behold and naturally evokes in every philanthropist a feeling of indignation and drives him to pour out an effusion of passion on those who are responsible for it. And not infrequently it happens that the Indian universities mostly made up of foreigners, and the Government that are responsible for the proper nourishment of the people, are looked at with some bitterness. Whatever might be the views of such people, it has to be understood that it is the present system of education as a whole that has to be radically changed, and not simply that its working should be better cared for or revised. The system as a whole is unsuited to our country and our people, our temperament and nature; it is not suited for the growth of *our* instincts nor is it in conformity with our ideals and our traditions In short, it is not natural, for it does not foster *our* individuality; it is forced, and as such sadly needs a change.

The medium of instruction is English, a language so different from our own that its study by itself involves a considerable length of time and unnecessary expense of energy. That Indian boys born in India, of Indian parents, bred up amongst Indians, accustomed to Indian ways and manners of speech, Indian habits and Indian customs, should for the matter of gathering knowledge for learning the laws of nature and truths of life, step outside their ken and indent upon the English tongue, is undoubtedly unnatural. To those who contend truths are truths everywhere, whether learnt in English or in the vernacular, and so there is nothing unusual in an Indian learning his lessons in English, no better or happier analogy could be made than that of the whimsical geographer who when he found a thief running to his east bid his men run to the west on the principle that the earth was round and east and west would meet.

It cannot be denied that much of our time and energy is wasted in learning English, which if only employed in learning through the vernacular, while it would produce far better results, shorten the school or college course much more than otherwise. Further, the study of English steeps us in an atmosphere almost anglicised and gradually though unconsciously with our habits and manners of life getting more and more to be English, we begin to think also in English. Born India, we grow into becoming English and there is something of an awkward combination, not harmonious. Be it remembered that every nation must have its free and unhampered growth for the proper fruition of its purpose in the world, and though it may be that a gradually absorbed foreign influence accelerates and improves upon its working, a forcing on, or an oppressive and uneasy compulsion of, foreign education and consequently foreign ideals upon it stands in the way of its evolution, if it does not positively tend towards its denationalisation.

To the same cause, the unnatural medium of English instruction is also to be traced the poor precentage of

literates in India. English education is so difficult, takes such a long time to understand and assimilate that the poverty-stricken average Indian who by sheer force of circumstances cannot exclusively devote himself to the expensive and uncertain if not unreal hobby of a western education, is totally debarred from it.

English education is foreign to our country and has actually to be transplanted into our soil and naturally therefore men from England, born and brought up on English soil and educated in the parental English universities have to be brought to our country and to our imitation universities to satisfy the authorities concerned that a reliable, truly western and truly imitative education is being imparted to us.

This involves a great cost and education really becomes so costly that its cosmopolitan tendency receives a rude shock. It ceases to be free and becomes one of the "many doors of the world that are barred with gold and open but to golden keys". With the advent of the coming of the Westerners to India, to man Indian educational institutions, their consequent expertism on educational matters concerning India, the infusion of their ideals of Oxford and Cambridge, their conceptions of the white man's burden, their natural and habitual zeal to implant English institutions on Indian soil, without due regard for the habits of the people for whom they are intended which is of course pardonable in those who do not study their students, education in India has grown so elaborate, so complicate, so costly and so burdensome that it tends to become exclusive, unpracticable and even unreal.

It is often urged that our vernaculars are undeveloped and yet too young to be the vehicles of great scientific truths and the innumerable efficient achievements and discoveries in the western world and that English being an advanced language is alone fitted to be the medium of scientific instruction for the Indians. Such an argument it is

difficult to maintain for Englishmen, in spite of the Germans being the leaders of certain fields of discovery in science, study them and infuse the knowledge among their populace, without the medium of instruction in the educational system of England as a whole being changed to German. In a very like manner a certain section of the Indians who wish to get first hand higher education in particular fields of knowledge may conveniently do so instead of forcing the entire mass after them. And again, even granting that our vernaculars have much to advance before being fit to be the medium of instruction, it is very relevant to turn round and ask whose fault it is that they are not so already. The guilt lies on our shoulders and on our system, for the tyranny of our system which would occupy all our time has left us little leisure to cultivate our vernaculars and we have so much forgotten them by being habituated in our universities for these long years to English, that to us our language has become unintelligible and the desire to cultivate it has been curbed.

Another very important reason for our education being conducted in our vernaculars is that then only the much-spoken of women's education in India can take a practicable and workable shape. Indians are a bit sentimental and rightly conservative in some of their ideas, and naturally they think twice before their only asset of today-the women of the country-are reduced to a state of submission to the western influence as a consequence of western education, as their brethern are now being slowly made. Indian society as at present constituted and is likely to continue in the immediate future does not permit its women being in school for a plentifully long time; neither does it provide for the commercial utilisation of education among women, which is a very strong attraction for men.

For education to spread through naturally among families among boys and girls, among average homes, we

need possess a natural system, at an initial cost and a natural medium that is not English. If we have permitted our vernaculars to wane away by limiting our attention towards them, the best way of remedying ourselves is not by continuing in our error and remaining content by the apology " It is too late in the day to mend " as our Simla conference of the experts would have it, but to strenuously exert ourselves and rouse our native languages to life, to invite and force the co-operaticn of our universities and to work with a determination for the resurrection of the tongues of the land.

In fact even the physical conditions such as climate etc. are so widely different in the east and the west that they require two separate systems of education, one being unsuited to the other. For instance, whereas the westerners are after gorgeous buildings, warm and cosy structures wherein to house their schools and colleges, to an Indian nothing is more congenial to study than the simple, cool, fascinating and inspiring shade of a mango—grove. The western hours of instruction are quite unsuited to the Indians. The cool hours of the morning and evening are allowed to pass away and in the hottest part of the day, instruction is given in a brick-and-mortar building with the burning furnace of a tiled roofing, breeding uneasiness and discomfort.

As to the present system of education itself so much has already been said and written about it that it scarcely needs a repetition.

However it must be remembered that the east is fundamentally different from the west and the instincts, tendencies and temperament, the needs, the aspirations and the ideals of the one are entirely different from that of the other. In this connection one sorry fact that has to be noted in our educational system is the absence of religious instruction. The socalled religious neutrality of the Government, though it might have tended to

spread a sort of cosmopolitanism among the students—a cosmopolitanism, not based upon religious education and religious tolerance and the consequent realisation of the fatherhood of god and the brotherhood of man, but upon the less permanent and superficial basis of material equality and sailing-in-the-same-boat policy,—has actually robbed education in India of its soul, for to India Religion had been the soul sustaining force and every phase of human activity was inspired and impelled by that.

The greatest pride of India today is her womanhood which has been traditionally chaste, and great, dutiful and honourable and such a womanhood is the product of sincere religious devotion, of religious, inspiration and a divine regard to the duties and responsibilities of life; and could the traditions of our mothers and sisters continue if they are forced into a commercial education such as that we have at present, and the allabsorbing force of religion be taken away from them.

The other primary draw-backs of western education need not be too much emphasised. It is not national and practical. The history of our country and the economics of our people are grossly neglected to make way for the detailed history of England and a general history of the world. This cosmopolitanism and the allembracing knowledge of the world outside inmensely is fruitful in the possession of a knowledge of the immediate domestic conditions, whereas in the absence of a true understanding of one's own affairs, this socalled liberal-mindedness breeds an unwholesome influence, for, unless the knowledge of the outside world is employed to improve the conditions at home it is wasteful and irrelevant.

This has been amply exemplified in the history of the Greeks who in their cosmopolitanism forgot themselves, and in the preaching and spreading of their Hellenism, unmindful of the conditions at home, lost their individuality finally to become extinct.

The rather highly theoretical sort of training which we now get is another complaint, for education as at present imparted in our universities consists essentially of a course in literature, and history or theoretical lectures in science

and does not go any way in helping one in taking up any separate trade. Technical and industrial education in India must be much more popularised that the undeveloped industries of the country may be allowed to flourish and not die away in the midst of foreign competition. It is not only the existence of wares in their natural condition that could make a country self-sufficient but also a knowledge for the proper utilisation and manufacture of them; and no nation that has to depend on another for the necessaries of ordinary every-day life could be said to be a complete master of itself. This selfsufficiency and completeness could be attained only by the fostering of proper industrial training which our present system of education does not provide for.

From the foregoing it may be inferred that western education has been ineffective in our country and that to have continued in it is a folly. The value of a study of English literature could not be depreciated. It has waked us from our sleep. It has imparted to us a certain life and love for things of our own. Neverthless, it must be understood, while it has brought us to ourselves it has also quite clearly shown us that English education is not the sort of education for us, that it is not in the blind imitatation of the west our salvation lies, but in the digging up of our forgotten lore and the proper utilisation and cultivati n of them, by building on them to suit to our days, in not losing ourselves in the current but in adapting ourselves to it, and in the proper preservations of our individuality though it has for the sake of surviving in the world of today, to receive now and then a western chiselling.

English education has created in us a taste for history, literature and science, but it is now for us to judge which is the school that we have to adopt to cultivate them to educate ourselves, whether Indian or western;—nay, English education has distinctly taught us to work for ourselves and seek for culture in our own buried treasures, our nation l lines, if we are to maintain our individuality and attain our purpose, lest we should be whirled in the whirlpool of the west, in poverty and darkness, in regions not our own, and climes unfit for our existence.

R.

DRAMATIC ART AND ITS AIM.

One of the most notable features in modern civilisation whether in the west or in our own country is the increasingly large part which the drama and the stage play in our lives and the popularity which they enjoy. The phenomenon cannot be an accidental one if we only take account of the fact of the numerical growth of plays and play-goers throughout the world. One of the chief causes of its popularity is undoubtedly the fact of its being able to afford pleasure and "sweep the furrowed lines of anxious thought away" in the stress of modern civilisation to those who are sadly in need of them. It has been said that a sure index of a people's prosperity and widening of mental outlook is to be found in the springing up of a demand for dramatic works and its supply. Indeed the Elizabethan period in England which was a most prosperous era, wherein the English nation had their successful contest with foreign nations, and the whole world was opened out to them for enterprise and the political horizon widened with immense possibilities of expansion, was exactly the era when we see dramatic geniuses of England began to arise. The art cheerfully flourished in the sun of Royal favour. Shakespeare—though it is perfectly true he stands apart and as the poet says, "Others abide our question, thou art free. We ask and ask thou smilest and art still outtopping all knowledge"—is still a product of his generation as his environments must have created a hopeful atmosphere which could have made possible his lofty creation. After him to the end of the 18th century, there flourished a succession of dramatists but none comparable to Shakespeare or his contemporaries. The Novel had come to take the place of tbe drama in the beginning of the 19th century and successfully ousted its rival for some time, until at last by the invention of cheap printing and later on by the rapid growth of periodical

A paper read before the Vani Vilas Sabha.

literature it has assumed portentous proportions; so much so that the present output of novels is simply alarming. The impetus given to science in general and naturalistic experiments in special, by the appearance of Darwinian literature, as also the introduction of the historical method in literature, directed the best minds of the English people elsewhere than to the drama. Beginning from the last three decades there has been a revival of dramatic literature not only in England but in Europe in general. The drama being a higher form of art than the novel has come to its own, though they both belong to the same genus. The kind of drama in vogue consists simply in dramatised versions of life, high life especially. The portraiture of low and middle life by Dickens has perhaps made the modern dramatists despair of success in that line. Far be it my purpose here to depreciate the novel as a novel. I meant only the deleterious effect engendered in the writer and the habitual novel reader when he happens to be young, especially when the novel is of a trashy, ephemeral sort, by rendering the brain incapable of serious reflection and interpreting real life in the light of romance. We, however, adore the masters in that line who deal with the elements of humanity as their raw material. Can you conceive a better drama than The Pickwick Papers, or more healthy and delicious reading than Dickens' novels? G. K. Chesterton observes " Dickens' books are full of baffled villains stalking out or cowardly bullies kicked downstairs. But the villains and bullies are such delightful people that the reader always hopes the villain will put in his head through a side window and make a last remark,; or that the bully will say one thing more, even from the bottom of the stairs."

The Victorian age in literature begins with a revival of dramatic art and it is exactly a period which synchronises with a great development in material resources and imperial expansion, as it is also an era of general mental illumination, widening of culture and national prosperity. After 50 years of arrested development in the dramatic world there had

been in the latter half of the 19th century a succession of able dramatists. A new generation of play-wrights sprang up who, it is said, had been influenced by the drama of other nations of Europe, such as the works of Ibsen, Maeterlink etc. The new generation was represented by W. S. Gilbert who represented life on the fantastic and humorous side, Oscar Wilde, J. M. Barrie and Bernard Shaw, the last of whom wrote plays with a purpose. There are a host of others no doubt, of whom I cannot pass any opinion. These, as far as I am aware, have no plots to speak of but have a fleeting, though an absorbing, literary interest on account of their modern and paradoxical style. That imaginative sympathy which made Shakespeare transform a vile murderer like Othello to look loveable in our eyes, and enter into the feelings of an accursed jew like Shylock when he makes him say "Hath not a jew eyes, hands, affections, passions," is indeed rare among ordinary mortals. There are characterizations no doubt of different types of humanity and especially its different moods, but we look in vain for that warmth which we find in Shakespeare's living and breathing conceptions, which stand for all eternity because they are woven into the warp and woof of human nature itself. On the other hand the chief purpose of Bernard Shaw who is the chief exponent of the modern school seems to be to undermine the enormous self-complacency of John Bull. It is a curious fact that the masterpieces of Shakespeare and his contemporaries did not attract notice as works of literary pretension and were hardly regarded as literature. People went to see them acted but never thought of reading them. Even Bacon "the brightest and wisest of mankind" writes as if he had never read them. Modern playwrights are more fortunate in that they command a wider public. So much for the history of the English drama, with which most of us are more familiar than our own.

The drama, strange as it may seem to an uneducated

modern, had its beginnings in connection with religion. Such was the case in Ancient Greece, in England and in India. The Indian drama it is acknowledged, had a purely indigenous origin. Bharata, the author of the art of dancing is said to be its founder, and in the beginning it is said to have been exhibited in the presence of Indra for his entertainment. That it was one of Indra's pastimes is alluded to in Kalidasa's Vikramorvasi, where the sage Pelava says that Urvasi acted the part of Lakshmi and the audience breathlessly identified themselves with every mood and so on. It had been in vogue in very ancient days and the practice continues even now in some localities, of celebrating the exploits of Sri Krishna by pantomime and song and sometimes by dialogue. It is said that dramatic troupes consisted of respectable persons and for female characters, real live females, took part. The masterpieces in Sanscrit date back to a very early period before Christ and the delightful piece of Mrichhakatika, for example, which is supposed to be the oldest, is incomparable in some respects to the later ones, even when it is read in translations. I may remark in passing, that on going through it, we will be struck at the valuable glimpse which it affords us of the life and manners of a former age. The name of Kalidasa of course stands foremost among Indian dramatists. We see the master-hand in characterizations, in the development of incidents and in the touches of nature which go straight to the heart. He was a master of simile. I give you two different descrip tions of moonrise from Vikramorvasi. The King says, "The daughter of the imperial East puts back the blinding tresses from her eyes, and smiles"—The Brahmin Clown says, "It has risen all white, and round and luscious like a ball of sugar." Having simply these as text for a discourse, one could expatiate on thepoetic and dramatic qualities of Kalidasa, in putting into the mouths of different characters the poetic image appropriate to

their rank in life or on his good-natured humour and so on. As regards pathos, no more pitiful' thing can be imagined than where the true wife Sakuntala, the mothe of the child she bears, with passionate longing appearsr before her husband whose remembrance howveer is clouded by a curse. As regards that very old but inexhausted topic viz. love and falling in love, over which poets are in raptures, but the most mundane definition of which I have come across I may be permitted to give you here, viz, "the deepseated inner physiological promptings of inherited instinct," nowhere is it more exquisitely conceived and depicted than by Kalidasa. His pictures of love showing "the young maiden's side-long looks of love" her attempts to be near her lord as if lamed by some accident, and other details, while depicting the sentiment in a life-like manner represent his high ideal of modest maidenhood. His squeamishness and refinement is best illustrated when he makes the love-scene break off just as the hero is about to act the part of the bee to the honey of the heroine's lips.

If it be said that it might perhaps be an ancient conception of what is proper and that possibly Kalidasa was too fastidious, with which criticism I and most of you perhaps will entirely agree, what answer can be made to the outrage on decency commonly committed on the stage of exhibiting blood-curdling incidents of a vulgar type? If the audience wants such a strong stimulus to raise their feelings so much the worse for the audience. It appears to me that anything too tragic ought not to be exhibited on the stage such as the burning-ground scene in Harischandra Man's life itself is tragic enough and full of suffering without this unnecessary infliction. Exhibition of harrowing details offends good taste, and it is a well-known psychological and moral law that one too much habituated to tragic situations would have his heart hardened and finer instincts of sympathy deadened and yet the modern Indian professionals daily exhibit their

want of culture and refinement by the exhibition on the stage of coarseness, and dragging to dust the noblest passions and making a travesty of the noblest moral principles, encourage the low class spectators in their taste for enormities, who love the theatre for their repulsiveness. Such want of refinement, however, unfortunately, characterises the modern professional dramas and low class play-goers, and the existence of amateur Sabhas is a living outcry against such fashion.

The supernatural element has been applied very often in Indian dramas successfully, but in English dramas they are at present at a discount. Shakespeare used it in Macbeth and Hamlet and it does not detract from the harmony between the action and character at all which is the test of a good piece. Our latter day Tamil dramatists also use it, but, for the most part, the incidents are adaptations or simply dramatizations of our religious history or purana. It does not in the least matter whether the story is invented by the author or borrowed from others. It is the way in which it is depicted and how the raw material is recreated for us which makes the difference between a great artist and a compiler. Some of them display considerable ingenuity and skill in weaving out a plot and introducing subsidiary sketches of comic actions, but we have not yet got in modern times a great original dramatist who alone can draw vivid characterizations which would excite our sympathy. The causes of the decline of the Indian drama must be sought, along with the decline of other kinds of literature, in the kaleidoscopic changes wrought in the political history of India since the glorious days of the Sanscrit drama. These causes ought to have affected the intellectual and moral vigour of the race. But if originality and creative power have permanently departed from us, even in the piping days of peace, as the effect of our denationalization, the catastrophe must cause us considerable anxiety. But

we shall hope that our goddess will reappear in her original haunts. Her presence is already felt in Bengal. We are reminded of our sage Rabindranath Tagore's dramatic pieces whose chief merit as dramas lies, to my mind, in their being a highly philosophical and idealistic productions belonging to a separate department of art. It is a matter for wonder that the ancient Indian dramatists should have produced masterpieces of dramatic art which are perfectly adapted and suited to the modern stage. For example I have heard that dramatised versions of the story of Silappadikaram have been translated and staged in France.

The higher kinds of dramas, no doubt, do not depend on external accidents such as costume or fineness of the stage fittings. But ordinarily costume along with stage appliances plays an important, though subordinate, part in the staging of a play. But, however, the foremost element which goes to make for success in the play is action. Indeed, the word drama literally means action. It is an art which imitates or represents action by the introduction of persons in the same manner as employed really in the actions themselves. Bacon says that "Dramatic poesy is as history made visible. for it represents actions as if they were present, whereas History represents them as past." It is pre-eminently an art; and the function of art is to give pleasure by representation. Hence the popularity of the stage which I noticed when I began. It is an art which gives expression to feelings and ideas by gesture, sound and speech which constitute action. There may be some moments when silence may constitute action, and, indeed, a supreme kind of action. As Carlyle says "Speech is of time, Silence is of eternity." I do not here mean the unnecessary and unnatural silence and pause indulged in during a dialogue which the actor deludes himself into believing will give effect, but which only tires the audience But for example of what I mean, what can be more beautiful in nature and

what can more effectively represent a mother's pride and joy, or her hidden hopes and tender anxieties than silence? Excuse me for the presumption, but I think Valmiki was wrong in making Kausalya wrangle with Rama when he wants to obey Dasaratha in going to the forest. But we must bear in mind at the same time that the Ramayana is an epic, not a drama. You are familiar with the Ghost Scene in Hamlet. The mere appearance of the expected Ghost before Hamlet is sure to send a thrill through the audience. In this connection I may also draw an illustration from Mr. Sambandam's best work, Lilavathi and Sulochana, where Lilavati in more places than one expresses her hidden love on the one hand and deep-seated hatred and jealousy on the other by mere silence.

It is now legitimate to enquire what is the chief purpose and function of dramatic art. Now the essence of the drama being action and it being an art, the question is whether it is to merely imitate the reality or represent the ideal. In this respect there are differences of opinion and it is quite legitimate that there should be. We are familiar with the function of the drama defined by Shakespeare himself as "holding a mirror up to nature to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure." George Sand, the famous French author, defines art as "not a study of positive actuality, but a seeking after ideal truth." It appears to me that nowadays more and more emphasis is laid in practice and rightly laid on this conception of the art. I interpret Oscar Wilde as going much further than Shakespeare, while agreeing with him in general, when he says that "truth in art is not any correspondence between the essential idea and the accidental existence, not the semblance of shape to shadow or the mirrored form to form itself. It is a unity of a thing with itself, the soul made incarnate." We can also compare John Morley's definition of literature—including the dramatic—when he says that

"It is one of those subjects where moral truth and human passion are touched with a certain largeness, sanity and attraction of form." The holding up of mirror to nature has been so overdone that G. Meredith in his "Egoist" humorously paints the numerous literary offspring of these authors as crowding together to look at the mirror at the same time, only to see a part of them reflected therein. The art is at the same time realistic and idealistic. Shakespear's Juliet is certainly an ideal type, for Shakespeare does not mean that every girl that loves is a Juliet. But she is also real because it is possible for womanhood to reach that height which the poet points out as an example of human excellence. Its primary function, however, as an art, is to please, whether it is tragedy, comedy, or farce. "Comedy presents us with the imperfections of human nature, and farce entertains us with what is monstrous or chimerical".—Dryden. Though it is tragedy which has a range of height and depth unknown to these, famous artists have, according to their special talents chosen either the comic or the tragic stage as their arena. But however all kinds of actors have to treasure Charles Lamb's advice, "He is a true actor whether his part be prince or peasant must act with like intensity"; and Shakespear's advice, "suit the action to the word and the word to the action." But human nature being the same every where, there is room for variety in their display. True acting, therefore, is a creative process and its power consists in appealing to the imagination of the spectators. The choice of the subject is in the hands of the playwright, and whether or not it is rich in dramatic capabilities,—and if it is not, the play of course would be flat,—the actor's distinction consists in the penetration to detect and draw out all the hidden potentialities in the subject suited to a particular action and the kind of spirit with which he enters into the consideration of the subject. The aim of the stage is to instruct, to educate, to elevate. Having its

source in national feeling, it is a powerful element in national life. The history of the drama, whether in Ancient Greece where it was intimately connected with the national religion and festivals, or in India where it developed on similar, but its own original lines without any foreign admixture or influence, would amply bear out the fact that it is rooted in a nation's individuality and culture, and so long as a nation has faith in its own ideals it is bound to develop and to be a source of power and inspiration to the people.

The play of inter-action between the stage and the national feeling may best be illustrated by an incident mentioned by Mr. T. P. O Connor. He mentions in his T P's Weekly that when he visited France in 1913, that is after the Agadir incident and before the present "deluge" he went to a theatre in Paris, where the patriotic play of "Alsace" was performed. That play had for its subject a love affair between an Alsatian man and a German girl. And after the marriage between them and the inevitable clash between the two temperaments the plot proceeds and comes to the stage when war was declared on Germany, and the Alsatian dies fighting against Germany. The whole audience was thrilled, touched, and inflamed to a high pitch of patriotic fervour. In the same manner, the innate sense of loyalty of the Indians was visibly illustrated when I attended a cinema performance when the exhibition of the picture of our King Emperor on canvas was a signal for the whole audience to spontaneously rise to its feet and give a lusty cheer.

It would be out of place and indeed impossible within the time allotted to me to deal with all the influences which the stage may bring to bear on modern civilization. But I may mention the fact that people have a claim on the stage in that the influences they exert are for good Our complaint against the professional stage seems to have existed even in the time of Shakespeare. We are famili r

with the scene where Hamlet advises the players how to act the piece before the King. He says "that you overstep not the modesty of nature" Again, "O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumbshows and noise. I would have such a fellow whipped. Pray you avoid it." Here we observe the indignation with which Shakespeare, that king of artists uses such strong language against those who "overstep the modesty of nature." An artist may therefore do worse than follow in the footsteps of Shakespeare, whose mission in life was to show how the noblest passions can be correctly and faithfully represented and to make the noblest moral principle the common property of mankind. The loftiness of an artist's conception lies in the love and insight which is brought to bear on the study of a character and in his possession of an instinct or a higher principle in his moral fibre which is responsive to what John Morley calls "the finer vibrations of the spiritual voice." These fine qualities must be found common both in the players and the playwrights, and again, only the possession of these qualities will make the artist's conception true, good or beautiful, which are synonymous expressions As a writer in the June number of the Round Table in writing on education remarks, "You cannot say where beauty begins or truth and goodness end. The domains of art and morality, of knowledge and religion, overlap. They imply and serve and even may pass into one another." There are epochs of civilization when this high mission of the stage is lost sight of. For as Bacon has declared that "dramatic poesy which has the theatre for its world would be of excellent use if well directed. For the stage is capable of no small influence both of discipline and of corruption." After remarking that corruption was rife and discipline neglected he says that in ancient times it "has been regarded by

learned men and philosophers as a kind of musician's bow by which men's minds may be played upon and it is one of the secrets of nature that men's minds are more open to impressions when they are gathered together than when alone."

The aim of the stage must be to hold out a high ideal. Practical impediments there are for its realisation. The greatest obstacle that would stand in the way would be of course the legitimate desire to make it a commercial success as well. That depends upon the pleasure afforded to the many-headed body called the public, which has tastes as varied and sometimes as vulgar as their ill-instructed criticisms would indicate. Hence the excuse which the professionals would, if asked, have in their lips to make compromises. For the *alpha* and *omega* of successful acting in their judgment is the putting together of smart dialogues interspersed with hybrid and sometimes vulgar songs, which charms the audiencc and earns for them reverberations of applause and a full coffer to boot. But it is a question whether even if it is necessary, it is proper to descend to their level on the plea that high and pure conceptions are caviare to the general. In this connection I am reminded of a contrast made between the English and the French stage much to the disadvantage of the former. Mr. T. P. O'Connor draws attention to the freedom from conventionalties of so-called civilization and the strict adherence to delinetions of character which characterises the French drama, and deplores the prevalence of prudishness and mock refinement which cuts at the root of veracity which is the prevailing mode in England. I may remark without fear of contradiction that the best solution is to find a happy mean. On the one hand no charge must be laid that truth is sacrificed in the name of false delicacy or refinement, and on the other that indecency and filth are ostentatiously exhibited for effect A real sense of greater truth is said to exist in

French than in English literature. What the English call indecent the French regard an essential part of the veracious description of life and man. That even in epochs of English literary history in which literature could speak of human life and human beings in the frank language of reality has proofs in the plays of Shakespeare and the novels of Fielding.

The difference in spirit between the literature of one nation from another no doubt has its roots in climate, national character and culture, and the condition of the respective nations. Rabindranath Tagore's ideal artist is he who "infuses the colours and music of his soul into the structure of existence." Hence is this not true of India and are we not to remain true to our national ideals and civilization and temperaments and to avoid the snobbishness of affecting a manner foreign to our own nature? It is true that the success of a dramatic society in carrying out its ideas of truth is to a large extent determined by the existence and availability of cut-and-dried written compositions on which it could lay its hand. But within the limits set forth and in trying to overcome the difficulties that beset its path in this and other directions it must realise its high mission not only in its efforts of self-expression, but in being a social force directed in educating the public taste and developing aesthetic feeling.

A. G. SANKARA IYER.

THE MUCH-MALIGNED TEACHER.

The teaching profession has always been held in great respect throughout the civilised world, as it certainly deserves to be. but in this country there seems to be a lack of appreciation, on the part of the educated public of the department and its representatives. Strange as it may appear, the man in the street who has not had the benefit of any education worth the name, is disposed to be kindlier and more respectful towards the poor teacher than the educated and enlightened individual who owes his status in life to the training he has had at school and college. We often hear stale platitudes both on the platform and in the press—that the teacher's profession is the noblest of all, and that the teacher's work is to turn out future citizens and so on. But when we examine how these theorists practise what they preach, we are at once undeceived. The teacher has now come to be regarded as a negligible factor, if not a necessary evil, in society. It is very often forgotten that the teacher's work does not end in the school or the college, but extends outside the class-room. The functions which he can legitimately exercise and which, under normal circumstances, he is best fitted to discharge, are frequently usurped by other persons who, in their self-sufficiency, resent the perfectly natural interference of the teacher. Sometimes even his purely specialised work is chalked out for him by non-specialists who pose as educational experts. And the poor teacher has to put up meekly with all this; neither in the official nor in the non-official world is he given any recognition. One deplorable consequence of this is that students, whose plastic minds are worked upon less by their teachers than by the so-called leaders of society, begin to entertain the same feelings towards the teachers as the latter have towards them. Thus it will be seen that the teacher's position in this country is a most unenviable one—a state of things

which every true-hearted Indian must take steps to remedy as early as possible. Many brilliant young men who would be an ornament to the teaching profession are led to choose other walks of life merely on account of this unfortunate stigma attached to the educational department. A material reason for this unpopularity of the teaching line is, of course, the relatively low and unattractive emoluments which an entrant can hope to get, when compared with other departments.

There are three classes of persons who, feeling their competence to judge about a teacher's work and his salary, never fail to ventilate their views on the matter; first, there are those who say that teachers do really solid work, and as such deserve to be paid much handsome remuneration than they get at present; secondly, those who are of opinion that teachers no doubt do substantial work, but the nobility of the profession more than compensates for the meagreness of remuneration; and lastly those whose impression seems to be that teachers do no work really worth the name, and consquently, do not deserve even the remuneration, in adequate as it may seem to others, which is now paid to them. Of these the first class of persons is entitled to our gratitude, for their breadth of view and ability to look at the teacher's position with teacher's eyes; the people belonging to the second category display great generosity of heart and charitableness of disposition, but they forget that honor and prestige cannot take the place of Rupees, annas, and pies so far as keeping the body and soul together is concerned. It is the gentlemen who have the honor to belong to class three whom the teachers must try to convince and, if possible, to convert.

The first thing that incontrovertibly proves, to the mind of a member of this last class, that a schoolmaster does not do any substantial work, is the extraordinary number of holidays which he apparently enjoys. There are two fallcies in the view; one arises from the fact that the holidays so-called are not really holidays meant to be spent in pleasure and enjoyment, and the second from the fact that all other departments have also their holidays—only in their case a part of every working day is a holiday. As regards the first of these statements, laymen do not know exactly what the holidays in the educational department are meant for. They are intended for preparation for the

work to be done after the holidays. It is a hard fact, which a teacher alone can be expected to realise, that one hour teaching requires at least one day's preparation. if the teaching is to be really effective or impressive. Of course, there are teachers and teachers—teachers who manage to teach for hours together without imparting a bit of useful instruction, and teachers who dozeaway comfortably in their chairs, and wake with a start when the bell rings. Such members are a disgrace to the profession: Our remarks do not apply to them. It is with the earnest conscientious teacher we are here concerned; in his case, preparation is absolutely necessary, and this preparation entails a great amount of energetic mental work. For, be it remembered, there are two requisites of a good teacher, a good knowledge of the subject he is handling, and an ability to present the subject in the best possible manner. Nobody will be inclined to seriously question the need of preparation for the former of these requisites, but laymen may probably be ignorant of the fact that the best teacher is he who discusses before hand various methods of presentation and then carefully selects that one which he judges to be the best-fitted to serve his purpose. One teacher has a thorough knowledge of his subject extending to even the minutest details, but when he enters the class-room, he finds that when he tries to bring out what he knows and wants to teach, he gets hopelessly confused and muddled. Another knows only a litttle of a department of knowledge, but that little he is able to set before his students in a masterly way so that his students are immensely benefited by his teaching. That a combination of sound scholarship and power of good exposition must characterise a good teacher was recognised as early as the time of the famous Indian poet Kalidasa who gives expression to similar ideas in a wellknown sloka in his 'Malavikagnimitra'. What need is there then, for emphasising the necessity for thorough training and preparation for a teacher's vocation? Fortunately unlike the conditions which obtained about half a century back, any man is not now considered to be fit te become a teacher unless he has a special course of technical equipment. Again there is the well known dictum that to be a good teacher one must always be a student. How can a teacher find time for his studies unless he is given plenty of leisure? And with all this, one very often hears the complaint that no teacher in

India, except very rare exceptions, has produced anything in the way of research. How can even a competent professor think even of research work when the time at his disposal is barely sufficient to keep him always ready to do his ordinary work?

There is yet another occupation for the holidays, that of valuing answer-papers of students. This work is a most dull tedious, soul-destroying process, as all teachers will testify. A layman cannot appreciate this remark even to the slightest degree. The poor teacher sometimes forgets what he has learnt on account of his being forced to con over innumerable mistakes committed by the students This work very often renders the teacher unfit for any active mental work for some time afterwards It will be seen, there-fore that the so called holidays are nothing for pepole of other departments to be envious about.

Comming now to the second remark made above about holidays, it cannot be maintained for a moment that offiers in other departments are busy every hour of the day. Of course in this connection it must be clearly understood that we are here confining our comparison to the mental work turned out by members of different professions. It must be admitted that the teacher's work when considered from this point of view, is the most taxing. An administrative officer, for example in the Revenue Department which is reputed to be the heaviest worked, no doubt does a respectable amount of intellecteal work, but the major portion of his time is taken up with mechanical work ot a routine nature. Even in the educational department, one must admit that officers in the Inspectorate are not so over-worked as people in the Scholastic line. These statements are remarkably borne out by certain facts While there are a goodly number of retired Deputy Collectors, District Registrars and Salt Inspectors, very few school masters live to draw their pension for any length of time. Thus within the knowledge of the writer that during the four years he was a student of this College two teachers died within a year of each other, one of them in harness, and the other on the day his pension order was sanctioned by Government. Again, some years after, one lecturrer died while he had some years more to serve, while two others were attacked by paralysis. On the other hand the writer also knows the cases of two Retired

Deputy Collectors who drew their pensions for a greater number of years than they actually served. The only ins tances which can be quoted in the Educational Department all relate to retired Inspectors and Sub-inspectors. Of course these facts do not completely prove the theory. but I have no doubt that a careful compilation of statistics will confirm it.

It is not necessary to examine the other arguments, if any put forward by the gentlemen of the third class. Impartial critics will certainly feel the justice of these remarks, and learn to look at the teacher's profession from the teacher's point of view. Suffice it to say, that unless the teachers of the furture citizens are paid a respectable salary which will serve to keep them above want, it is idle to expect them to be superhuman and there is no use in all the tall talk about training for future citizenship and the rest of it.

Closely connected with the question of pay is that of the respect which a teacher may be expected to command from the public. For it is patent even to the most casual observer that we are ruled, not by a bureaucracy or an oligarchy, but by a plutocracy. The moneyed block-head is paid greater homage than the indigent scholar. Education is not a passport to a Municipal Councillorship or a District Board Membership, but if you pay to Government a respectable percentage of your income as land tax or incometax, you can be sure of a seat in the local councils. Such being the case how can one expect the ill-paid schoolmaster to command any respect at all? Such of the members of the teaching profession as do possess some place in the hearts of discriminating people are able to command respect not because they are teachers, but in spite of the fact that they are teachers. All this naturally affect the attitude of the students themselves towards their teachers to a very great and perhaps alarming extent. When the student sees at a public meeting that his teacher, for whom perhaps he had been keeping a warm corner in his heart, is treated with nothing short of contempt by the 'public' he naturally thinks that the teacher is a negligible quantity, and passive neglect in course of time begets positive irreverence. It is a strange irony that here, in India, where the relations between a Guru and his Sishya were holy and inviolable, modern conditions should so operate as to make the much maligned-teacher openly disregarded by his students

With due respcct to the leaders of public opinion, I am constrained to remark that this state of affairs is not solely due to the poor teacher There are a number of causes which I do not feel competent to discuss, and into which consequently I do not propose to enter.

I close by exhorting such of the students as are disposed to listen to the words of one who has had the good fortune, in his opinion, of training more than fifteen batches of graduates and under graduates—exhorting them to keep a high place for their teachers in their estimation, if only because, whatever opinions the adult public may entertain abut the teacher and his work, the students' love and esteem count for much with a teacher one of whose aims is to inculcate a love of truth and honesty, respect for elders, and selfsacrifice in his pupils

K. S. P.

COLLEGE NOTES

Fifty students of the College, two members of the Staff and the Library Attender gave their names for the Indian Defence Force Though we had hoped for much larger numbers, we have no reason to be ashamed of ourselves as compared with other Colleges.

Seven students of the College are in training now at Trichinopoly with the first batch of recruits. A Section of the editorial staff paid a visit to the I. D F. Camp, and was able to get a very good idea of the conditions under which the students worked and lived. All the recruits appeared to be enjoying the new life, and had few complaints to make, with the exception of the complaint which is to be met with in camps all over the world where men are going through a course of rigorous training, that is, lack of sufficient food. The College students looked a little thinned-down, but all were well, and were undoubtedly benefiting by their camp life. The strict military discipline was at first no doubt a little irksome, but all the recruits were loud in praise of their Captain. The military authorities seem to have been particularly liberal in the matter of granting leave, considering the fact that the whole period of training is only three months. Already five of our recruits have paid holiday visits to the College

One attended the College Sports in full dress, creating qnite a sensation. It is to be regretted that nearly 70% of our applicants were rejected in the Medical examinat on, it is only another proof of the urgent need for more physical culture in the Schools and Colleges of this Presidency.

A new Club was started in the College this year, the Canoe and Swimming Club. Twelve Floats have been built for Water Polo, and seven canoes have been constructed. Mr. A. Subramania Ayyar has also presented the Club with one sculling boat, so that the Club has now quite a respectable fleet in harbour. We take no little pride in the new Club, seeing that, as far as we know, it is the only boating club attached to a College in South India The success of the venture is entirely due to the magnificent efforts of Mr. P. Rajagopala Ayyar, the President of the Club It is no exaggeration to say that his work has been little short of marvellous. The canoes have been constructed entirely within the College under his supervision, and the crews have been trained by him morning and evening in hope to hold a regatta in November.

During the term the football and hockey teams toured to Madanapalle and Cuddalore. They lost two matches by a narrow margin of one goal each time, and drew one game. Mr. P. R. Krishnaswami accompained the team.

Cricket has recently been started, and Dr. Bhagavan Singh has been kind enough to come frequently to the grounds to coach the players.

Krishna Raya Shenoi has been appointed Cricket Captain.

Mr. Venkatasubbiah was transferred during the year, and Mr. P. R. Krishnaswami came in his place. There was a very pleasent farewell function the day Mr. Venkatasubbiah left

---

Mr. Doraiswami Ayyar the acting Assistant Tamil Pundit has also left us, and Mr. Srinivasa Ayyar has been appointed in his stead.

The new chemical laboratory is very near completion, and should be ready for occupation after Christmas. Mr. Hanumantha Rao has been watching over it with daily care.

A new College society was opened this term in the form of a Tamil Sangam, and the Sangam has already held several successful meetings, including an inaugural address by Mr. Davood Sahib.

The Literary Society are to stage Twelfth Night, and rehearsals are in progress. Mr. P. R. Krishnaswami as Conductor is doing an immense amount of self-sacrificing work.

Dr Slater gave a very interesting lecture before the College Historical Society on "Field Study". The meeting was largely attended and the lecturer was subjected to a vigorous questioning.

Dr Rajan from Trichinopoly lectured to the Literary Society on "Race Regeneration." His lecture, with his kind permission, is published in this issue.

Krishna Nambiar has been appointed a Sub-Editor of the Journal in place of S. Krishnamurti resigned.

We deeply regret to note the death of the revered Pandit Mahamahopadyaya Rangachariar. We shall publish an account of his life later.

This year, the College Badminton team had the unique opportunity of visiting Trivandrum, at the time of the grand celebration of the Sashti-poorthi festival of His Highness the Maharajah of Travancore. The team enjoyed the place very much and but for the rain, which left almost all the matches that were played half finished, the trip would have been still more grand. The college team, though it was not fully represented, was able to make a name there. Four matches were played and all were left unfinished, on account of heavy rain.

On their return journey, the team was able to defeat the Quilon 'Rose Bird' team by two consecutive games Some time back, the team appeared for the Gopalasam. Iyengar's Tournament, Tanjore, where it was able to beat the S. P. G. College team of Trichy. But it was defeated by the Home team, who won the medals in the finals.

COLLEGE SPORTS.

The sports were held this year on the 11th and 13th of October, the preliminaries being done on the former and the finals on the latter with a good day of rest between. In the outset we feel, in justice to ourselves, constrained to express our regret at the secession of the local secondary schools this year, whose association last year had given us so much strength and pleasure. However, the whole function passed off with the usual *eclat*.

There was felt a slight sense of want to begin with, as the revolver which had been ordered for the occasion had not arrived, and we were obliged to make some funny and crude makeshifts for starting the heats. The arrival of the revolver in the afternoon gave us immense relief and finish to the whole affair. There was a short spell of rain on the afternoon of the day of the finals which only gave us a welcome recess for a few minutes and an air of renewed freshness to the whole scene.

The new feature of this year was the introduction of the *220 yards race* which was calculated to afford a fair scope to the sprinters who may feel a hundred yards rather too short. Yet another was the deletion of the *Obstacle race*, an event which was felt more to afford amusement to the lookers-on than to draw out any athletic talent to speak of.

There was this year a fine assortment of prize goods, mostly consisting of silver ware of artistic workmanship, for which we are mainly indebted to Messrs. Rajagopala Chetty and Sons of the town. Some special prizes were offered this year by certain munificent gentlemen of the place; and notably Mrs. Statham was kind enough to present the Champion cup, which was won this year by D. Govindan of the senior intermediate class, whose magnificient sprinting in beautiful style at the finish,—though we mention it passingly—was indeed a joy to behold. The *elite* of the town with their wonted kindness graced the occasion with their presence; our thanks are due to them and particularly to Mrs Pinto who was kind enough to give away the prizes.

THE PEARL OF THE ORIENT.

BY

LILIAN LOVELETTA.

(All rights reserved.)

CHAPTER I.

The Village Of Mabaral.

One of the most delightful sights that ever moved the soul of the artist or the painter was that which burst upon the traveller's vision as he neared the summit of the Mabaral Hill. It was a lovely landscape—lovely with the luxuriance of tropical vegetation—which could not tire the eye of the beholder, look how long he might.

The Hill was clothed in green sward broken here and there by tender little bushes; and the myriad flowers of variegated hues—yellow, pink and blue—which sparkled in that wide expanse could not but bring to the beholder's memory the picture of the shining stars in the azure sky.

In the month of September, when the days of dismal gloom were past, and the rains had flown away, when the heavenly orb emitted the radiant light, and dried not the fountains born of the rains, the foot of the Hill glittered with a hundred gliding rills.

Below stretched a wide plain of undulating grass; and yet it seemed to be still from the distant Hill. The monotony was varied by sprinkled hillocks and thick copses, and winding rivulets; and far the plain sloped into fields bearing golden corn.

The rice fields were parted by a meandering rivulet marching amidst dancing rushes, playing hide—and—seek with the stranger's eyes, now running into woods like a bashful maiden shunning the gazer's view, and now bursting forth in shimmering ripples blandishing the charms of its bosom.

At the farther end were tall cocoanut palms tufted with mellow fruits and long-branching leaves shivering in

deep whispers. Clusters of cottages were revealed through mango groves of lustrous foliage; and a distant forest stood in sombre gloom against the pale—blue sky.

On a rising hillock studded with standards robed in evergreen pepper-vines stood the majestic mansion of Mabaral. At the time our tale begins reigned a portly lord, Balsivan by name. Though sixty winters had imprinted their marks on his person, he looked strong and healthy. Great was his renown outside his village; and not a day passed when the mansion was without visitors.

And Tharaka, his wife, was the queen of that fair abode. She was reputed for her piety; and rarely would the beads be out of her hands. But often a momentary shade would pass through her fair countenance; she had only one son; and which mother does not long for a little girl?

It was about ten in the morning; and the family had assembled in the veranda after breakfast. On an easy chair lounged Balsivan with *pansupari* in his mouth; close by stood his only son, Kumaran, a handsome youth of twenty-two back from his college for a short recess; and near the doorway half concealed and half revealed stood Tharaka dressed from head to foot in pure white, with the spotted silk jacket reflected through the thin white *saree*

The conversation was at first dry, but soon it veered to the interesting topic of the future of Kumaran.

"And so," said Balsivan, "You have only two days left to start for the college. Take good care of your health, my boy—"

"Take good care of your health!" interrupted Tharaka, "I And every time he comes home he ooks so weak and thin; often have I urged a stop to his present education and yet nobody cares to consider my words".

"Please do not get into that strain, mother mine. I am quite contented with my lot and do not feel the least inconvenience or weakness at my studies," said Kumaran.

"No, my child, you look the ghost of yourself when you return home. Nights together he has not a wink of

sleep, I am told," said Tharaka turning to Balsivan, "And all the while he strains his eyes on little letters. By attending the college his health will be broken, and if any dangerous illness overtakes him.—"

"After all why should he continue his studies any more? We do not want him to enter the Government service; for here, there is enough work to engage his services. He has a fair knowledge of English and is that not enough?" spoke Balsivan musingly.

But Kumaran whose future was being determined grew pale at the prospect of spending his days in a village. Not that he was anxious to prosecute his studies; but the thoughts of leaving a luxurious and exciting life in town for a simple and monotonous one in a village, of the loss of that independence which had enabled him to roam through the streets of the city, of haunting no more the theatres and the clubs, and of foregoing a thousand and one other pleasures which a city, alone could furnish, made him sad. And what reason could he advance to ensure his return to the college?

"Oh! father," exclaimed Kumaran with seeming anguish in his tone. "Compel me not to discontinue my college career. Little have I studied; and if it be told by common folk that you forced me to abandon my education"—

"You are very obedient my boy!" ejaculated Balsivan ironically, "How many years. sir, have, you been studying for the Intermediate? And yet you display great eagerness—!!"

"No, my father," replied the spoilt youth, "This year I must pass. In two more years I shall take my degree and then I shall come home."

"Boy!" shouted the father in fury, "You will take at least a dozen years to get your degree; you have no head for study; you took four years to pass the entrance examination, and another three years you have been rotting in the Intermediate class.

"But father—" remonstrated Kumaran.

"I will have no 'buts' sir," interrupted the father, "You polluted my sacred threshold with boots, you have no respect for our ancient customs, you have your hair cropped in beef—eaters' fashion; and but for your mother's interference on the first day of your cropped hair I would have whipped you, whipped you, sir; and now to crown all these you refuse to help me in the management of my estate in my old age. Oh! God! this fellow's impudence!" and he fell back in his easy—chair.

In outraged dignity Kumaran strode to his room. And Tharaka—Tharaka who had istened in silence felt herself on the horns of a dilemma. She longed to appease the wrath of the father and comfort her only son; but could not bear the prospect of parting with Kumaran for two more years.

But to proceed with Kumaran. He strode to his room and sank in a chair and revolved in his mind the recent conversation. In the meanwhile we shall take a peep at the young heir of Mabaral He was a handsome youth endowed with those fair proportions which make a man the cynosure of the opposite sex; the complexion was that of an olive approaching to that of a rose near the cheeks. His hair was raven black and his large eyes of the same hue seemed to look into you with a lustre denoting a voluptuous languor.

He was meditating on the scene with his father, and would have continued the same but for an untimely interruption. Be it remembered that in every such mansion there are scores of servants, and that each member of the family has at least half a dozen at his command: some to minister to his wants, and others to pander to his pleasures. Of the latter kind Kumaran had many. But those who succeeded nearest to his heart were Karman, a wild youth of almost the same age as his lord, and Keshab, who had little respect for truth or virtue in the furtherance of his master's aims. The interruption came from these—

Karman and Keshab who dropped in to enquire for any order for the night's orgy.

"Dejected, my lord!" ejaculated both *sotto voce*. "What can have occurred to pain my lord? Any slights from any one? Order your slave, my lord, he is ready to lay down his very life at your feet" spoke Karman passionately well knowing that there were none who would offend his lordship, and that his life would not be needed to gladden Kumaran's heart.

"And I," exclaimed Keshab, most sincerely support my brother's sentiments."

Warped into confidence, the youth related the recent events, and his fears of the result of his refusal to submit to his father's will. He was about to end when Karman broke in with a passionate exclamation, "I congratulate you, my lord, on the discontinuance of your studies," in a familiar tone which would have been unpardonable in a less intimate servant; and he would have proceeded on but for a deep frown and snarl from Kumaran.

"Dog," said Kumaran in withering contempt, "Should I change my independent and happy life for a dreary monotonous one of a village? No! not for Mabaral!"

Karman looked stupid. and would have changed his tune to sound in unison with his master's, like other parasites who would put in a 'Certainly' even to such sane remark of their master at dawn, that the sun was straight overhead. But was not Kumaran's stay at Mabaral profitable to his own interests? and if at this period Karman was to lay his lord under a deep debt of gratitude to himself and thus acquire influence over the man, why, then by Jingo, he would be the practical ruler of Mabaral at the death of Balsivan! The same thoughts flitted through Keshab's mind, and he ventured to shoot an arrow winged with Kumaran's own feather.

"Simple life, my lord!" spoke Keshab earnestly and modestly." If to lead one's life in a perpetual series of enjoy-

ments, unfettered by duties, were simple, then I wonder what a luxurious life would be! My, lord there is nothing on earth which cannot be acquired to minister to your pleasures. Do you wish to taste the pleasures of hunt? In those dense forests you have the most exciting game, deer, boar and tiger. Do you wish to taste the costliest delicacies on earth? The daintiest shall grace your table and the blood red wines of Europe shall sparkle in your cup. Or is it the language of love that you seek to whisper in the ears of themost beautiful? My lord, in that cottage that glimmers in the distance thrives the fairest flower of the fair sex. Sarojini by name, she is *Sarojini* in reality. Do you throw her away for the empty glamour of a town?"

"Enough!, enough! Keshab!" ejaculated the youth intoxicated with the prospect, "you have ravished me by your description I will discontinue my studies, I will return to the college no more"

"Yes, my lord," said the overjoyed Karman, "Your parents will be very glad to hear of your resolution. Go sir, and acquaint them with your warm assent."

"You are right, Karman; and Keshab, many thanks to you. I shall go to my mother immediately; and in the evening we shall scent your fair flower, Keshab" said Kumaran with a twinkle in his eyes.

CHAPTER II.

An Adventure.

THE sun had set. A lovely youth standing at the edge of a forest was gazing at the horizon in mute silence. A wave of sorrow creeped over him with the creeping darkness. What was the youth gazing at? In the departed sun he read the book of fate. For him the sun of felicity had set for ever!

He remembered with anguish the days of his childhood. He had felt happy— Oh! how supremely happy!— in those innocent days. When basking in the sunshine of his mother's love, when busying his delicate fingers in little sports, when wreathing his face in joyous laughter and receiving back her fond caresses, when pillowed on the soft bosom of his mother, it had been a paradise to him. His father had died when he was a baby, and he had not felt an adverse gale. But soon his mother passed away; and as if to instance the proverb that misfortunes never come single, a succession of disasters swept aside his paradise. The bank in which his father had invested his money dissolved, and he became a ruined and penniless man. The sun of felicity had set for ever; and the sombre shadows of advancing night, and chill penury gathered fast on the orphan's brow.

And the youth! -- How eminently handsome he looked! Tall and slender, but far from bordering on leaness, with fine muscles which set to advantage the beauty of his person, he seemed a noble and not a poorman. He was three and twenty; and the lofty forehead that glistened with a golden yellow bore no marks of the ravages of his sorrow. His nose was well formed; his cheeks full and rosy: and the well pencilled lips, when parted in smiles revealed a beautiful set of teeth. His hair was jet black; and the dark eyes set it rims of the same colour contrasted to advantage the fairness of his skin and gave a feminine charm to his featuers.

He was meditating regardless of the night: and at last his face expressed a determination as if he came to a sudden resolution. Taking his staff and bundle he wended his way through the forest. The moon shone bright in argentine splendour and pierced in streaks the dense foliage of the wood. The round and muscular trunks of gigantic trees looming in visible darkness would have impressed any other traveller with a doleful sensation; and the arching boughs that interlaced overhead imparted a dismal gloom to the path.

Yet he was lost in deep thought. Ideas surged through his heart in quick succession: questions that found no answer, and doubts that could find no solution.

"What have I done to merit the reverses of fortune? I was born in the travail of my mother and came to the world, a beggar. I was surrounded by riches and love, and was happy. Today I am penniless and solitary and thrown on the mercies of strangers. Man! you are the toy of fate! a straw on the bosom of a river, that is'the sport of every wind and ripple, to be blown to places you know not where; that must experience storm and sunshine, darkness and light, and drift at last to a havens the mysteries of which you cannot fathom." Suddenly a wild shriek rent the air; the youth awoke to the realitie, of the instant. And still—another! In frantic surprise the young man flew in the direction from which the sound emanated. And Good Heavens! What was the youth's surprise to see a tender beauteous maiden struggling in the arms of three villains. Without a moment's pause he brandished his staff and dealt terrible blows on them. Amazed and stupefied they dropped the female from their arms; and realising their situation, they charged on him with uplifted arms. The contest would not have been doubtful, and the youth's fate would have been sealed but for a timely stratagem.

"Avaunt, you villains!" he roared with redoubled fury "Or you shall kiss the dust of this forest. Run up

Balram, Govind, Sumati," all the time dealing unceasing blows. The three men were already feeling powerless to approach the brandished staff; two of them were already dazed at the youth's blows; and when they heard that their assailant would soon receive assistance they left the field and flew away.

The moon streamed in argentine splendour through the foliage, and illuminated one of the fairest faces, which ravished his heart, and planted in his breast a feeling, he had not experienced before. But a fear seized his mind; and on feeling her pulses, he was soon satisfied. What was he to do? He felt himself in a responsible situation. Marking the spot so as not to be misled afterwards he pierced the forest and wandered about half a mile when to his joy, he saw a light flickering in the distance. Running back to the spot he took the tender form in his hands and walked fast towards the light.

As he approached he saw it was a house from which the light shone, and discovered an old man pacing the veranda in evident agitation. Now and then he peered through the darkness, and as if disappointed he paced the veranda quicker. It was plain he was expecting some one.

The rustle of the leaves produced by the youth brought the old man to the steps, and as he found the stranger with his fair burden, and his eyes rested on the delicate features, a cry of anguish burst from his heart.— "Sarojini! Sarojini!!" And Sarojini—that was the maiden's name—replied not.

"Good God! Is she—?" asked the old man clutching the youth's arm.

"No Sir, she has only fainted, fetch some water and she shall soon be well" replied the youth.

They laid her on a cot, and sprinkled water over her face and feet. She opened her eyes, and there was an

indescribable terror in them. "Where am I?" she exclaimed and fell down as she tried to rise up.

"There is nothing my child," said the old man "Just try to sleep and you will be alright!, and he left her.

On returning to the verandah he beckoned the youth to a seat—a mat—which the latter politely declined at first, but took on the old man's sitting down.

Being questioned, the youth very modestly related the adventure, omitting everything which tended to blow his own trumpet, and allotting the female's release to fortune.

"Sir Stranger," said the old man "For your kind and perilous deeds in rescuing my daughter, you have my eternal gratitude. Tarry here for the night, and deign to accept my humble hospitality.

CHAPTER III.

The Cottage.

THE rosy-fingered dawn chased away the last shadows of night and gilded the thick foliage of the Mabaral forest with a golden lustre. And while the village husbandmen went to their work carolling songs, the youth awoke to find himself in a strange place. Recollecting the previous night's adventure, he dressed himself and hastened to the verandah, and what a sight met his eyes! Half reclining on a pillar, with her arm gracefully supporting her well-modelled head, stood a maiden—a paragon of beauty. She was only middle-statured; and her raven black hair, parted in the middle, extended to her waist, in curly tresses. The morning breeze gambolled with her locks; and some stray ones played on her balmy breast. Her skin was of golden yellow; her thin fringed lashes imparted a voluptuous charm to her dark orbs, her nose was delicately formed, and her mellow lips were ravishing to the extreme. But the lofty brow and the harmony of the features gave a queenly dignity to this maiden of

sweet seventeen, that contrasted strangely with her rustic simplicity of manners.

The youth advanced, lost in contemplation of her beauty; and as her eyes met his, a tender blush suffused her cheeks, and instantly she tripped to the doorway. The old man, Mahadev by name, was squatted on a mat and beckoned the approaching youth to a seat beside.

"Dear youth!" he said, "and dear you shall be to me for ever—I have heard from my daughter the brave part you played last night, and now I know also your modest nature that enforced silence on you on many things yesterday. But tell me," he added as the youth began to mutter remonstrations, "your name that I may always remember you."

"I am called Sahadev," said the youth "and my act yesterday was a mere duty for which I deserve no praise."

"Chivalrous Sahadev!" exclaimed the farmer "as modest as you are brave! If not the praise, accept the eternal gratitude of an old man. Sarojini, my girl, thank him. your deliverer!"

The bashful maiden could not express herself. "Sir, no words can depict my deep indebtedness to you," and as her silvery tone vibrated in the air, Sahadev felt an indescribable thrill in his heart.

"You give him poor thanks, my child!" said Mahadev playfully, and turning to Sahadev, "but tell me what brought you to this place, and from which country you come"

Sahadev related what our readers already know; and concluded by telling him that he was seeking a job.

"Why!" said Mahadev, "The lord of Mabaral is in need of a clerk, and have you any objection to accept the post?"

"Nothing," replied the youth, "it matters little to me whether I am employed in China or Peru."

"And how glad we would be, to have you live with us!" exclaimed the farmer, "is it not so Sarojini?"

"Yes, father, that is the only poor return we can make."

"Sir" said Sahadev. "I am very glad for your offer. But consider the infinite trouble my presence will involve—."

"I understand you!" said Mahadev, "But we are not too poor." And as the youth saw the man hinting at a free boarding he exclaimed "Sir it was not for any return that I rescued your daughter!"

"Nor is any return sufficient to recompense you. But deign to accept the hospitality of a poor man!" he replied mortified. But as he saw that Sahadev was uncompromising he persuaded him to be a boarder.

After bath and breakfast, the farmer directed Sahadev to the distant mansion. On walking a mile, he found himself in the presence of the nobleman. Balsivan was in the same posture in which we introduced him in a previous chapter.

"Well?" queried Balsivan in reply to Sahadev's salutation.

"My lord, I am a stranger and have come here to seek service under you I am told that you are in need of a clerk and shall be highly obliged if you will entertain me in that post; and I can assure you that I shall discharge it to my best."

"And your qualifications?" asked Balsivan.

"My lord, I have a moderate hand, and after a trial of some days you may appoint me if you please," and turning casually to the right he beheld a young gentleman in the house contemplating him with a malicious frown. The gentleman, conscious of being observed, walked away majestically. Sahadevan could not understand what that look meant and after some conversation with Balsivan, Sahadev returned to farmer Mahadev.

The gentleman of the malicious frown turned to his own room; and little need we say that he was no other

than Kumaran. On entering he was greeted with a "What!, my lord," from Karman and Keshab.

"Aha!" he said, "and so the fowler shall be caught in his own net" in evident satisfaction "We can't understand you, my lord," said the anxious Karman.

"Well, on turning to the hall, I was struck with a stranger's voice from the verandah, and there stood that pretty youth of last night—."

' What? he here!" exclaimed Keshab.

"Yes, and the fellow caught me looking at him, but did he recongnise me?" mused Kumaran.

"Did he?" inquired Karman." "Then the fool will buzz abroad that the heir of Mabaral—."

"And he shall pay for it," said Kumaran with a determined face. "But stop, my father has already employed him as a clerk!"

"Get rid of him, my lord," advised Karman, "Try your influence on your father, insinuate that such strangers may be rogues."

"Good Karman, I shall go presently and try my best to get him dismissed" said Kumaran.

"My lord, that is risky," suggested Keshab "Firstly your father may suspect your insinuations and that is bad. Secondly, if that youth learns that it is due to you, the heir of Mabaral who was found with—, he may spread it abroad to be revenged on you. And thirdly, even if you succeed in getting him dismissed, he will seek service at some other hands and thus you cannot harm him in any way But what I would suggest is this: let him be employed; nay, even use your influence in the matter; and then he will be completely in our power, and we shall be avenged on him in all the ways possible."

"You are right, my farsighted Keshab; we shall torture him in his post. The fowler shall be caught in his own net."

CHAPTER IV.

The Village Ale-House.

THE atmosphere of luxury and grandeur of the last chapter must now yield to one of wretchedness and misery; and the reader should now transport himself from the lordly mansion of Mabaral to its vicinity of squalid huts and loathsome surroundings.

The peasantry that lived round the mansion and enriched its lord, dwelt in a most degrading state of poverty. They were ill fed and ill-clothed; who worked from day to night for a poor morsel of food that scarcely sufficed to keep up a single soul. The huts were thatched, and each had only a single room, which served the requisites of kitchen, dormitry, dining room and store room—if they had anything to store! In the summer the family huddled on the verandah and in the heavy monsoon season the starved souls crowded into the kitchen, the roof of which could ill protect them from the severe wind and rain. The semi-starved urchins, naked save for a tattered rag tied round the waist were pitiful to behold; and the men with sunken eyes and hollow cheeks toiling in the scorching sun betokened a tyranny which humanity could not contemplate without a tear. The farmers dwelt in moderate means, but the labourers worked without food and rest from dawn to dusk; and then they would gather at the village tavern to refresh themselves with a cup of toddy. This being a cheap substitute for a second meal was a necessity rather than a luxury; but we must introduce the reader to the tavern itself.

On an extensive plane of Mabaral, beside the junction of half a dozen paths stood the village Alehouse. It was very rudely built: the walls were made of mud and not white washed. The roof was thatched; and the building in the form of a **T**, consisted only of two rooms, the long hall being the parlour, and the other, the bar. The latter revealed scores of huge earthen pots foaming with toddy,

and innumerable smaller ones which were used as measures, and in which the spirit was distributed.

It was about five in the evening; and the peasantry had collected in the tavern. On the floor they squatted in two rows; but often the file was disturbed by circles of men who were being entertained by a common friend, each group, a little senate. Already they were toasting each other in bumpers of foaming toddy. The scene presented a spectacle which could never be met with anywhere else. There was one lecturing on Ramayana to his dog; another acting some scenes of a drama which they had witnessed years before. There were some with a literary bent of mind discussing the merits of a village song; others singing stray catches to the applause of a wondering few. There were some relating with eminent satisfaction the details of a dinner given by the lord of Mabaral on Kumaran's birth; and all were discussing their cups, while mine host, Mahalingam, looked on with complacence at the readiness of his sweetheart in refilling the cups, and at the pleasing confusion that prevailed.

Suddenly the voice of one individual rang in the tavern, louder than the myriad sounds! An instant hush fell upon the drunken multitude, and all eyes were turned to that quarter from which the interruption came. A tall and gaunt individual with eyes flashing fire had risen from his seat and was speaking with passionate eloquence on the wrongs meeted out to the labourers. Evidently he had been conversing with the nearest friends, had got warmer and warmer and had at last stood up to plead the cause of the peasants against the oppressor of Mabaral. The rustics were thunder struck; for, to speak against their lord was indeed sedition!

"Stop him! lash him!" roared the crowd, and they advanced towards the speaker.

"Dar'st thou bite the hand that feeds you?" asked one among them in anger.

"The hand that feeds me!" exclaimed Velan that was his name—in withering scorn, "The hand that feeds me! No, it is not my lord that feeds me, but my own hands that toil from dawn to night; the wages that you and I get are not given as grace, but the earnings of the sweat of our own brow: Nay, it is you and I that feed him the lord, by our toil; and what I maintain is that we give him more than his due!" and seeing the angry voices cowed down to silence, he continued passionately.

"Even brutes that roam about in the forest are free to satisfy their wants and go to rest in peace and happiness! But man is compelled to minister to the wants of a few at the cost of his hard toil, starvation and misery. We work in his fields all day long, and are given a poor three seers of paddy, which will barely satisfy the wants of one individual! And our familes! What are they to do? Is there any one among you who takes one full meal per day? Is there any one among you who is not in debt?

"Even the dog that fawns on my lord and does nothing is bathed every day and fed with meat and rice more than to its satisfaction. And we who die for him every day, we are starved; For what is it but starvation? Out of the three seers of paddy, you are to buy clothes for your wife and children, oil, salt and a hundred things besides; and then your wife, children and self are to be fed! And then to store a little against a wintry day! from where are we to find that? Men are not so happy creatures as to avoid illness, and if tomorrow we are to be confined to bed, what would be the grim state at home? and while the lord sleeps on a pillow of down made by our sweat and tears, the unhappy peasant has to roll on his hard mat without a morsel of food, a silent spectator of his weeping and starving children. And if there be any here who can contemplate these dire scenes of horror without remorse, if there be any one here who dares to abet the crimes and the tyranny of the man who styles himself our lord, if there be any one

here who cannot tolerate truth, and who will scorn good counsel, let him come forward to take vengeance on me."

In the meantime, mine host had ordered his sweet heart to clear the parlour of the cups; which being done he cried out: "My masters it is already dusk! The house is closed." and the rustics departed home, each, lectured into sobriety, meditating on the words of Velan.

CHAPTER V.

A Chieftain's Wrath.

THE Mabaral family claimed a noble lineage. Though few could trace a connected history of this ancient house even for the last century, there was an implied understanding of its nobility, not only among the neighbouring villages but among the family itself. And who dares to question the validity of Balsivan's statement, that his ancestors held the tract under the Raja of Rampur of blessed memory? The present lord used to entertain his satellites in moments of good humour with stories which his father had heard from *his* grandfather, of the horror and carnage of Tippu Sultan's invasion, though he could not tell them how his family had effected an escape from the evil conqueror. But it was certain that the women, reaping in the fields, often sang of glorious of feats valour circling round a scion of the house, and that Balsivan nodded his head in warm appreciation and elated pride at the consequent immortality his house had gained through the rural bards.

Balsivan's deeds were always based on good grounds; and a more reasonable man could not be found. Whenever a difficulty arose he would think how his father would have behaved when faced with the same, and thus would seek its solution. If he adhered to old customs he would not suffer tamely to be questioned. but would retort in anger, his arguments finding their haven only in precedent, "And was my father a fool to adhere to that custom?" such was the reply elicited by Kumaran's suggestion to substitute

paper for palm leaf which was exclusively used, and to have ledger books instead of those *cadjan* leaves.

On the morning next to that on which the events related in the last chapter occurred, the nobleman was seen walking through his fields in complacent pride at the rich crop that yielded him a good amount every year. He was lost in his own meditations probably calculating how many thousands would line his safe, when a tall form emerged from the shrubs and placed himself on the path at a respectable distance. He stretched up his arms swung them down until his lips kissed his knees, and the palms parted from each other in great velocity full three times. On which he drew himself up, and remained standing with his arms folded across his chest. This was a deep obeisance.

"Mahalingam!" exclaimed my Lord in a pleasant surprise, for, the fellow was no other than mine host of the village alehouse. "Mahalingam," he repeated with great condecension, "How does your tavern work?"

"The favour of my lord prospers my concern; the best spirit is sold and a good sum is fetched."

"It is well," said my Lord "But let not my son know the virtues of your good spirits."

"What! is my young lord here?" asked Mahalingam in pretended ignorance.

"Yes, Kumaran returned from the college a fortinght back and though he is the rose of purity, the lily of morality, and the soul of good manners, I wish not to taint him with the breadth of drunkenness." Mine host laughed in his sleeves at the poor father who doted on his child, whose ignorance of the son was matched only by the absurdities of his eulogies, and to whose object of admiration he was supplying at least a dozen bottles of foreign produce per week.

"Yes, my Lord, but a very important matter claims consideration at your hands," said Mahalingam ominously.

"Important! what! what!" he ejaculated, impressed by the solemnity of the speech.

" Events, the weight of which it is unnecessary for me to impress, have happened within the last twenty four hours. My Lord, there is a conspiracy in your village "

"Conspiracy !" echoed Balsivans taken aback by the statement "But whosoever hatches mischief, let him beware ! And you, Mahalingam are you their messenger!" his eyes were rolling with fury.

" I, my lord !" the fellow replied aghast, " Am I a rebel because I bring you the news ? because I play the spy ?"

" To the point, man, tell me what has happened."

" Am I a rebel my lord ? Do you consider your dependant who has eaten your salt for two and twenty years—"

" Stop your nonsense ! Tell me what it is !"

" Assure your servant that he is not a rebel !"

" Yes ! Yes ! but come to your story," he cried in suspense.

" Sooner than be called a rebel, I would take my knife and plunge it in my heart !"

" You are my beloved dependant and no rebel " he said coaxingly " but begin !"

" Or my lord, you would have seen it before your eyes"? said Mahalingam inspiring his lord to imagine that he would stab himself if his loyalty was questioned. Balsivan had exhausted his arts to coax the man to narrate the events and waited silently in anxious impatience.

" Yesterday, when the peasantry were assembled in the tavern one fellow spoke to them insulting your lordship. He said that my lord starved them, gave them nothing for their hard labour, and insinuated them my lord, to poison–, God forbid ! and the fellow spoke, besides of many other things, always heaping insults on my lord and breeding hatred and contempt of your lordship "

" And have they determined to poison me !" he roared.

" The peasants did not reply him, but dispersed in silence," said Mahalingam.

"And silence means consent! I shall hang every one of them on the nearest tree, even if their death is to be purchased by my life. But the ringleader—who is he?" Cried Balsivan.

"Velan is his name," muttered mine host repenting of the furies his act had let loose.

"And Velan shall be the first to pay the penalty. Ramnarain!" he commanded turning to his page who was following him at a distance. "Take two servants with you and bring Velan here immediately. Use force if he resists." Ramnarain flew to the mansion to execute the order.

"My lord, your servant would dare to put in a suggestion. Let not your wrath blind you to the troubles ahead if you were to put your threats into execution"

"Troubles! Let them do their worst I care not provided I maintain the prestige of my family. I will chastise severely every one of those dogs."

"But, my lord, that may decimate your labourers, and nobody will supply the vacancy if the fact is to be known abroad."

"And don't they deserve punishment? Am I to sit quiet while these wretches conspire to poison me?" retorted Balsivan in anger.

"Punishment they do deserve. But punish the ringleader Velan—torture him—burn his fingers; that will inspire terror in their hearts. They will see that Velan is not a safe support; that their leader is not immune from your wrath; and he shall be a living warning to them My lord, they will be panicstricken and will never dare to raise a murmur against their master."

"I shall torture their leader—here he comes" Bound by strong cords, and guarded on either side Velan was brought to the presence of Balsivan.

"Execrable dog that would bite the hands of its master! you, to insinuate my peasants to revolt; you, to spread hatred and contempt; you to persuade my labourers to

poison me! Execrable dog! you shall taste that torture you intended for me, though it be of a different nature; you shall reap that which you sowed; Ramnarain, run home and fetch some rags, oils and matches."

"Tyrant!" said Velan in scorn, "I am in your power, and I defy you to do your worst. Your threats cause me little fear; my life is in your hands and I care little if it is taken away."

"Plead mercy, wretch!" said Mahalingam.

"Mercy!" said Velan in contempt " To ask mercy of this man who causes the miseries of his labourers, who sees their starvation without remorse, who bleeds them to a living death without a pang of conscience! Never! and were last evening to be repeated I would speak the same, aye, even in the presence of this tyrant, and would still die a glorious death though he roasted me on fire"

Balsivan was stamping with rage all the time he spoke but waited for the arrival of Ramnarain.

There was a silence—deep, ominous. Presently Ramnarain returned bearing the things.

"You fellows!" addressed Balsivan to the guards. "Roll these rags round his fingers dip them in the oil and set fire! and now my fellow, we shall hear your songs."

Velan maintained silence. The instructions were executed with the utmost precision. The gentle breeze fanned the flame. The forktongued fire waved in the air. The pain was intense; the stillness oppressive. Not a muscle of Velan twitched in agony. There was a deep-set expression on the face which defied any one to fathom the feelings it mantled, while a diabolical smile played on the lips of Balsivan. Half an hour elapsed; and the victim fell down senseless without a groan.

Evening came; and Sahadevan was wending his way home from the office. He had been entertained as a clerk and he felt happy in the company of Mahadev and Sarojini. Suddenly he found a human form lying before him.

It was bound by cord, and the fingers! Good Heavens! He felt his flesh creep as he saw the mutilated and ghastly thing. With a shriek he ran for water and on sprinkling it over his face the man revived. In an instant, he cut the bonds, and the victim faintly murmured: "I am dying—dying—oh! for water!"

CHAPTER VI.

The Lovers.

A month passed. The revolt if there had been any, had been quelled by the severe example of Velan; and the village was calm in the daily routine of woe and misery. Velan was improving under the treatment of herbs and leaves, and through the intercession of Taraka, Balsivan had consented to retake him into his service

In Sahadev a change, a deep change was perceptible. He grew more melancholy, and sad. He was in love; Oh, Sarojini! thy presence alone cheers him up like the closed lotus that blooms in the rising sun.

Why was the youth sad! He loved her intensely, passionately. But how could he aspire to the hand of one so immeasurably above him in virtue and beauty? He was a mere adventurer; chance had brought him to the place, and fortune had given him a living; true it was that he had rescued her from an outrage; but how could he dare to ask her in marriage while she lay under a deep debt of obligation to him? would it not be considered mean of him if he sold his succour at the happiness, perhaps, of that innocent girl? His love was ardent; the disappointment would be keen. Better to fly away from a place strewn with the thorns of love, rather than endure eternal torture.

And Sarojini? The maiden passion in a maid is at first shy and silent; even to her heart it is not voluble. But time the eternal agent that cures wounds and silences anger warps this feeling into intensity, and when once the lamp

of love is lighted, it continues to burn brighter and brighter until at last it devours the soul in its longing, or is quenched in death. Sarojini looked and loved; she bowed to destiny.

The evening was fine; the zephyr, delightful; and the cool shades refreshing. At the back of Mahadev's house Sarojini's delicate hands were watering some tender plants in her little garden. The rose, the jasmine and champak flourished in luxurious abundance; the variegated colours of the flowers were delicious to behold; the beds were artistically laid out; the downy grass carpeted the ground; and the beauty of the sweet innocent girl increased ten-fold the charm of the rural scenery.

Sahadev entered—passion pale; and half envious of the little blossoms that received those fond caresses from her, the object of his adoration, he drew near and stood. A little branch wearing twin roses at its end stole from its place and clung to her garments. It would not part from its fair mistress. "Why do you cling to me, sweet ones, like the fond little child that runs by its mother holding fast her dress and begging to be taken in her arms?" said Sarojini dwelling earnestly on the roses.

"Sister, take them up," said the unobserved Sahadev; and taking advantage of the surprise he had caused in her, he gently disengaged the branch, and plucked the roses.

Seized with a momentary inpulse, he said: "Dost remember the story of Sakuntala and Dushyanta? Dushyanta while out on hunting pursued a deer to the abode of Munis. There he met Sakuntala watering her garden, and fell in love."

"Yes," said Sarojini with an arch smile, "I remember and remember the latter part. Dushyanta had poured forth in Sakuntala's ears vows of love and devotion, had promised to place a crown on her head already ennobled by virtue and beauty, and had promised to send royal messengers to escort her to his place in right royal splendour. And he forgot her! nay he could not even recognise his love

when she went to his court; and even insulted her! You, men are cruel! Why dont you give me the roses?" Sahadev could not reply. She had never spoken so eloquently. Seeing the stretched hand he extended the roses to her and then drew them back.

"Nay, Do allow me to grace your tresses with these," he said rapidly and was surprised at his own boldness. She was silent; at once he twined the roses in her curly treses. Sarojini felt a thrill in her heart.

"You women are cruel!" echoed Sahadev taking up the words of Sarojini, "Visvamitra forsaking the world was performing *Thupas*, and Menaka, the most beautiful in Devaloka, descended to the world and enticed the saint away from his meditations, and begot Sakuntala; You are so cruel!"

"Cruel indeed!" exclaimed Sorojini recovering her playful humour, "And was it not Viswamitra, a man, who refused to have even a look at his daughter Sakuntala?"

"And was it not Menaka, a woman, who left her baby Sakuntala to the mercy of the wind and the rain and returned to Devaloka?"

"For every one of your stories relating to the cruelty of woman I can reproduce two from the Mahabarata," said Sarojini, "Listen! Devayani, the daughter of Sukra, the guru of Asuras, fell passionately in love with Kacha, a handsome youth who was living as a *Chela* of her father. Thrice he was killed by Asuras; and thrice he was endowed with life by the great Sukra at the instigation of Devayani; a fourth time he was butchered and powdered and roasted, and was mixed in Sukra's drink. Again did Devayani plead to give him life; and Sukra by virtue of his *Mantra* called him by name; the answer came from within his body. By the aid of the mantra once more did he give him birth; and yet this man who owed his life four times to Devayani refused at parting to marry her. Can cruelty go farther?"

"Ha! this reminds me of the object of my visit!"

"Sarojini!"—He said, every syllable choking his breath. He could not proceed; thrice he lisped her name; and thrice he hesitated to speak. Sarojini's face was suffused with tender blushes; and she looked at him askance.

"Sarojini! we part, and part for ever," said Sahadev in a half choked whisper.

Parting! the world swam before her eyes; to her it was dark. The lips parted like the twin roses twined in her tresses; the face became death pale; and with an effort she recovered. "Parting!" she murmured to herself. And Sahadevan: was he to wander abroad without even a word of kindness, a word of love from the mistress of his affections? He determined to break the ice, come what it may.

In a moment he was at her side. He clutched her palm in his and sank down "Sweet Sarojini!" he said, his eyes, thrilling with love, looking fondly into hers. "I love you, devoutly, parsionately, as never man loved woman before. I burn, let me part, or I die. But one word, say you don't scorn me."

Her face was red with crimson, her heart beat in audible silence: she was unconscious of the world around her, and then a maiden's confession rang in the stillness of the air.

"Rise my—be—lo—ved hus—band. I have loved you from that memorable morning."

"Husband!" he exclaimed, and drew back in surprise "Oh! mock me not with vain hopes"

"You are my beloved husband; our hands are already joined; and my dear father will not deny me this boon," said Sarojini.

"Oh! Paradise!" And their souls rushed into each other with a billing kiss.

And from beneath the garden groves Mahadev fled.

(To be continued.)

5-APR 1918
MADRAS.

K. C. S. "*Chittoor.*" One of the College Fleet, Chittoor.

क्रियासिद्धिस्सत्वे भवति महतां नोपकरणे ।

" Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
Yet not for power (power of herself
Would come uncall'd for), but to live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear;
And, because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence." ....

TENNYSON.

" What the tender poetic youth dreams to-day and conjures up with inarticulate speech is to-morrow the vociferated result of public opinion, and the day after is the character of nations" ....

EMERSON.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
MADRAS,
28th February 1916.

That this Magazine may long serve to illustrate for successive generations of students of the Kumbakonam College their common heritage of high traditions and to foster among them loyalty and gratitude to their alma mater, must be the earnest hope of all its well-wishers as one of whom I desire in all sincerity to subscribe myself,

Pentland.